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EXPLORATIONS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

MR. STANLEY'S FIRST LETTER.

EXPLORING THE RUFIJI.

[From the New York Herald of December 2, 1874.]

ZANZIBAR, EAST COAST OF AFRICA, *October* 19, 1874.

As I sit down to the table and take up the writing implements to record my experiences of the last few weeks, a wish darts to my mind, that the art of writing was never invented. It is true. Writing to me is such a labor at this moment. I have but the day before yesterday returned from the exploration of the Rufiji river and its delta; returned only in time to be compelled to write to you of what I have seen, because if I do not take advantage of the four days of grace given me by the stay of the mail steamer in port, you and your readers would have to wait another month before information could be received by you of the movements of your "Commissioner." Yet would I gladly avail myself of some excuse — a reasonable excuse — to postpone writing to you for various reasons. One main reason is, that it is exceedingly hot and the perspiration is unrestrainable, and a feeling of lassitude and *ennui* which has succeeded the return to Zanzibar from our exploration of the Rufiji is inimical to physical exertion or mental thought. Besides, every few moments I am troubled by the arrival of volunteers for the expedition into the interior, the rumor of its intended departure having stirred up an heroic desire in the minds of the able-bodied and poor people, residents of this town, to visit the distant regions of Africa, where the tribes are called Pagans; where elephants — and consequently ivory — are numerous; where there are vast extents of level country "covered" with game of all kinds. These volunteers come to make "shauri" — to hold a palaver or talk — to question me respecting the amount of pay I can afford to give them, the probable duration of the journey I propose to make, the countries I propose to visit, and other things of like nature, These volunteers are not to be despised; they are not to be told to depart without words of a conciliatory and friendly kind, for out of this class the members of the expedition must be selected, without whom its objects could never be consummated. This palaver, therefore, requires time, tact and patience; and though I am inwardly fuming and storming at these several interruptions I endeavor to commend myself cheerfully to my fate, hoping that my apparent placable disposition will invite confidence on the part of the volunteers, and that my excuses, which I humbly tender, may conciliate the editors of the Daily Telegraph and the New York Herald for the brevity of this letter or the sterility of its information.

Ever since my march to Ujiji in search of Dr. Livingstone I have entertained a desire that I might be permitted to explore that most promising of all East African rivers — the Rufiji. Burton, my heroic predecessor in Africa, had, with his usual industry, collected much valuable information respecting this river; and when, subsequently, I heard from the natives that all the small streams to the south of that country were received by the Rwaha, or Rufiji — that the Kisigo, an important river in Urori, which is south of Ugogo, also emptied into the Rwaha — I mentally placed the Rufiji among the list of those rivers whose navigation benefits commerce and the world. I entertained the opinion that the Rufiji was a river worthy of exploration; that it was a river likely to benefit East and that portion of Central Africa contiguous to it; that by its means the Gospel might find readier and more feasible access into the interior than by any other route, not even including the Wami river, whose utmost limit of navigation I place at Mbumi-Usagara, at the foot of the Usagara mountains; that by means of this noble stream the white merchants of Europe and America might exchange their cottons and beads for the valuable products of the interior. I say this was my opinion, until I saw in some geographical publication two several accounts of explorations of the Rufiji. The first purported to be an account of an exploration made by Dr. John Kirk and Captain Wharton, of the surveying ship Shearwater, in a steam launch; the second was made by Captain Elton, first assistant to the political agent at Zanzibar, who proceeded inland from Sumanga, on the north side of the Kikunia mouth of the Rufiji.

Messrs. Kirk and Wharton proceeded as far as Fugulia, which I presume to be the same as that which the natives call Agunia, or near it. Captain Elton reached Mpenbeno, ten miles higher up the river. All these gentlemen expressed themselves emphatically against the possibility of utilizing the Rufiji river. Of course, after such emphatic expressions of opinion, I dared not hope that I would return from the Rufiji with any better opinion of it. The following letter will show what my impressions of the navigable utility of the Rufiji are, with which I venture to say nine-tenths of American river steamboat captains would at once agree if they were called upon to examine and report upon the river:

At 3.30 P. M., on the thirtieth of September, I sailed from Zanzibar in the Yarmouth yawl Wave, bound south. The yawl was purchased for the purpose of exploring the portion of East Africa which I considered to be of most interest to the philanthropic and commercial public of England and America. Through the courtesy and kindness of the gentlemen of the Peninsula and Oriental office, on Leadenhall street, and those of the British India Steam Navigation office — more especially Captain Bayley, of the former, and Messrs. Mackinnon and Dawes, of the latter — I was enabled to have her safely shipped and landed at Zanzibar without damage, though she was a large and heavy boat. Her dimensions were forty-one feet length and nine feet beam; with her deep rudder shipped she drew five feet, which we afterward found to be a disadvantage. Had I been wiser, I should have ordered a second rudder, specially made for river navigation, to be exchanged on entering the river for the sea rudder.

The crew of the Wave mustered, beside myself, two efficient, industrious and willing young Englishmen, Francis and Edward Pocock, twenty-four Wangwana, or freemen of Zanzibar, armed with Snider rifles, two black cabin boys and a cabin passenger in the shape of a thoroughbred English bull-terrier, Jack, who, for his fare and passage, was to make himself useful at night while on the Rufiji to warn off midnight plunderers. If you add as stores two casks of water, a thousand pounds of rice and some cabin provisions for the whites, it will be seen that she was a boat of some capacity. Several officers of the cruising fleet at Zanzibar, who had seen her at anchor in port, had spoken highly of her, and some had said that she was just the kind of boat Her Majesty's cruisers on the East Coast of Africa ought to be supplied with for slave dhow catching in shallow waters. After a three weeks' trial of this kind of boat, I am inclined to the same opinion. With a moderate monsoon breeze, she travels faster than any steam launch that ever came to Zanzibar could. As an instance of her sailing qualities, it is worth mention that on a run from Bagamoyo to Zanzibar, a distance of about twenty-five miles, the Wave beat a large dhow by two hours.

After rounding Shangani Point we were favored with a stiff breeze from the south-east, and steered for Mbwenni, on the mainland. The natives yelled their approbation of the speed at which the Wave dashed past the dhows bound for the coast of the mainland. Owing to the head wind we were compelled to pay close attention to our course and keep a good lookout to avoid the numerous reefs and sandpatches which make the navigation of the sea in the vicinity a difficult and perplexing task to a novice. No sooner had we passed by the pale green waters of the South Lackbrey bank than the Northern Harps indicated their presence by their gleaming tops of sand and a thousand short snow-crested waves, which tumbled tumultuously over their low sloping shores; while on our star-board side the Hamisa bank and its dangerous neighbors showed horrent enough by many an angry looking wave. A short half hour of swift sailing brought us in the neighborhood of the ugly dark coral reefs, strangely called the "Cow Reefs," which cover an area of about three square miles. The helm was pressed hard down, and the Wave was forced almost in the very teeth of the rising gale. Not until the last white crest over the reefs had disappeared from view, were we relieved from anxiety and able to share in the general enthusiasm of the crew at the perfect behavior of the tiny vessel.

Shortly after dark we anchored at a point a few miles north of Mbwenni and disposed ourselves to sleep as best we could, the surf sounding drearily monotonous in our ears, and a faint rumor of the noises of the night which are caused by the myriad insects of tropical Africa reaching us only during the pauses of the heavy surf-beats.

At dawn we were wakened, thoroughly damp and cold from the night dew, and one of the young Englishmen was soon obliged to lie down again from his first attack of fever. It struck me at this moment that we were engaged in rather a foolish trip if we intended to tramp into the interior, and that to brave the malaria of the Rufiji delta just as we ought to be sparing of the health and energy we brought from Europe was not a wise proceeding. This thought, however, was but the consequence of the misery in which we had passed the night and the damp cold we then experienced. It was soon stilled, however, by the genial warmth of the rising sun and by the bright green appearance of the palms and patches of forest which lined the shore.

With a favorable land breeze we sailed southward, clinging to the shore as closely as possible that we might lose nothing of the riant beauty of the varied and interesting bits of land-scenery.

Some people may, perhaps, object to the term "interesting," applied to East African scenery; but I maintain that a cluster of palms, overtopping an humble little fishing village, with a background of dense jungle, swathed in deep dark green, and a foreground of a white, sandy beach, laved with ocean waves, deserve to be termed interesting. The palms and sea contribute that which makes the picture one of interest. Without the palms the background would become a mere jungle; without the sea before it the sandy beach would represent nothing but sterility.

Taken in this sense, then, in coasting southward numbers of such scenes are revealed, becoming only more interesting when a more important town comes to view, with numbers of square white houses, like so many white-painted blocks of wood under the ever-beautiful palm groves. Such a town is Mbwenni, near Cape Thomas.

From Mbwenni southward to Dar Salaam the coast retains the characteristics already spoken of. Small dark brown huts, clustered under the shade of a tree of ample foliage and enormous girth, are frequent, separated by jungle, through which a narrow footpath runs, serving as the commercial highway along the seaboard.

Soon after passing Konduchi, at a distance of forty-one miles south of Zanzibar, we come to Dar Salaam. This town possesses some interest as the creation of the late Seyyid Majid, Sultan of Zanzibar. As we round Condogo Point a group of islands make their appearance, consisting of Sinda and its neighboring islets, and westward of these a ridge of tall trees is seen. The tall trees are cocoa palms, and the presence of such a large plantation indicates in East Africa a town of some importance and magnitude. This is precisely what Dar Salaam was intended to be by Seyyid Majid. He found a fishing village of a few humble huts the possessor of an ample harbor where three times the number of his naval and mercantile fleet might lie at anchor, secure from the dangers of wind and a boisterous sea, and he at once conceived the project of making this fishing village a seaport and the depot for his Central African trade. He sent his laborers and slaves to clear the neighborhood of the jungle, which had voraciously swallowed up every portion of cultivable ground close to the water's edge. He then caused 200,000 cocoa palms to be planted, which in time, if carefully looked after and nourished, would bring him in a revenue of from $150,000 to $200,000. A palace was built as a residence for him, and a fort or barracks for his officers and soldiers. Influential Arabs engaged in commerce were also invited to follow his example and take lots for building purposes. Several chose to do so, and about a dozen imposing edifices, compared to the former humble fishing huts, gleamed white and large in contrast to the green fronts of the palms. To those of sanguine disposition such a scene must have assured them that commercial progress was begun in earnest in East Africa, and that Seyyid Majid was a wise and energetic prince.

In reality, the Sultan of Zanzibar had inaugurated a work which all Europeans who look beyond home could heartily commend. The trade with Central Africa was being rapidly developed; large consignments of ivory from new regions were constantly arriving at Zanzibar. New copal diggings were discovered near Dar Salaam, and to the westward and southward. What the Sultan's dominions lacked was a proper port for trade, and in the harbor of Dar Salaam he had found deep water and roomy anchorage, easy of access from Zanzibar and centrally located for the southern and northern towns. The seacoast towns whence the caravans departed for the interior in search of ivory labored under various disadvantages. Mombasa, to the north, though possessing a moderately good harbor, was limited to the west by the vast hunting and marauding grounds of the Masai; to the north by the intractable Gallas; while to the south other towns claimed to be as good starting-points for Africa as Mombasa. Saadani, Whindi and Bagamoyo were dangerous ports for vessels, the approaches to each infested with reefs and sand banks. Mboamaji, to the south of Dar Salaam, had a similar disadvantage, while Kilwa was too far removed from Zanzibar.

Everything promised fairly well for the success of Dar Salaam as a future rival to Zanzibar until Seyyid Majid died. Then all the fine schemes relating to its prosperity perished as it became known that Seyyid Burghash, his successor, did not share in the views of his predecessor. The palace, the barracks, the houses, the palm grove, the fine harbor, with its deep, still, green water, are here to this day as Seyyid Majid's last effort left them, silent and comparatively deserted. Not one house has been built here since his death. The Arabs who did build houses preferred to remain in Zanzibar.

A few months ago the question was agitated in England as to what could be done with the freed slaves, and I remember that some suggested Dar Salaam as the most eligible place where they might be settled and instructed in useful arts of industry, with which, after a visit to the port, I agree. Here are good, roomy houses already built, but uninhabited. A large area of ground already cleared of jungle, but comparatively uncultivated, a capacious and deep harbor, likely to suffice for the harboring of all vessels which may engage in East African commerce for the next hundred years, above which at present not a single flag waves.

I am informed that about 600 slaves have been captured within the last six months in the Mozambique channel by British cruisers. Now the question may be asked, what has been done with those slaves? Have they been, as usual, leased out to Mauritius sugar planters at so many dollars a head to remunerate the government for the expense it undertook to fit their men-of-war for these slave-hunting expeditions? Let us hope not, but we may as well be told what becomes of the freed slaves.

From the silent harbor of Dar Salaam we sailed next day, with the same stubborn headwind against us. We tacked and retacked for twelve mortal hours, sometimes dashing the spray over our bows with long lines of reefs close to our lee, and sometimes plunging in the deep blue of the ocean; and at night we anchored under the shadows which the palms of Kimbigi Head threw across the sea.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

MR. STANLEY'S SECOND LETTER.

EXPLORATION OF THE RUFIJI.

[From the New York Herald of December 3, 1874.]

ZANZIBAR, COAST OF AFRICA, *October* 21, 1874.

The next day, delayed by calms and head wind, we cast anchor in the harbor of Kwale Island, The people are Wangwana, subjects of the Zanzibar Sultan, and may possibly number 300 souls, all told. The one village which it boasts is on the western side, close to the port. The island is situated in latitude 7° 25′ south. The mouth of the Dendeni river, on the mainland, is to be seen nearly north-west of Kwale.

The first thing that struck me as remarkable on this island was the large number of gigantic boabab trees. It seemed to me, when well screened from view of the sea by foliage, that I had suddenly stepped into a portion of Ugogo. The next things that caused me surprise were the very large and very small hens' eggs that were proffered to me for sale. The large eggs were of the size of geese's eggs, while the small eggs did not much exceed in size pheasant's eggs. Goats were numerous and cheap; two were purchased by us at a dollar each. The people seemed not to have much occupation. Those who owned land possess domestic slaves to cultivate it, while they themselves chat and sleep, sleep and chat from morning until night, and through the night till morning.

From Kwale we sailed, after a night's anchorage in the port, past the islands of Pembagu and Koma, the latter of which is inhabited by a few people who obtain a precarious living by planting millet and holcus and by fishing, and steered straight south for a broad opening in the dense foliage which lined the mainland. Arriving before this opening, which we took to be one of the mouths of the Rufiji river, we were favored with a stiff nine-knot breeze from the south-east, and as the water appeared dark green, indicating considerable depth, we sailed boldly in with all sail set. When quite within this mouth we observed one broad avenue of water, leading south-south-west, and another south-south-east, equally wide, but, being ignorant of the exact course of the true river, we anchored at the distance of a mile and a-half from the sea, close to that part of the land near which the two branches conflowed. When we had communicated with this shore, which we ascertained to be the Island of Saninga, we learned that, led by accident, we had halted but a few yards from the spot where the steam launch of the Shearwater had anchored prior to her departure up stream in 1873.

We had not been at our anchorage ten minutes before a colored gentleman of stoutish build and cleanly, good natured face was seen paddling alongside our vessel, who introduced himself as Moeni Bana-Kombo ben Ahad, which, rendered into English, means Lord and Master Kombo, the son of Ahad, chief of Saninga Island. Probably, according to a previous generous act, he had brought with him a weighty chicken and three fresh eggs, which we reciprocated with a gift of royal Dabwani cloth.

Kombo, the son of Ahad, chief of Saninga Island — who, though the Wangwana of his village styled him "Jimrie," I prefer shall remain as he designated himself — was wise and learned respecting the geography of the Rufiji river, and volunteered, for the information of the curious white people of the white people's country, "Ulyah," several interesting facts. The two white men of the "smoke boat," Dr. Kirk and Captain Wharton, he remembered perfectly. They asked him endless questions, until he was quite tired — "choka sana" — and put down ever so many things in a little book that he, Kombo, the son of Ahad, had told them.

"Very good. Is there much water in the Rufiji river?"

"Plenty," answered Kombo, confidently.

"What do you call plenty?"

"Deep water — very deep."

"Good! How many pima"? (fathoms).

"Sometimes five pima, sometimes four, sometimes three; but always plenty."

"Do you know this river from what you yourself have seen?"

"No; I have never been up."

"Ah! then how do you know there is plenty of water in the river?"

"Huh! have I not my people who go up and come down?"

"Why do your people go up and come down?"

"To trade, of course."

"What do they trade?"

"They take up salt and cloth and bring me msan-durusi (gum-copal), which I send to Zanzibar to sell."

"Very good. Perhaps you can lend me one of your men who knows this river to show me the way and to talk for me to the people in the interior?"

"Yes; I can let you have two, one of whom showed the way to the white men of the 'smoke-boat.'"

We had entered the Simbooranga mouth of the Rufiji river, and we were told this was not the largest debouchure of the river. Its noble breadth of surface, its depth of clear green water promised well to us. In the center of the stream an ocean steamer might float in perfect security, though there is a fall of ten feet at lowest ebb in the water.

Saninga island possesses one village, and its position before the mouth of the river is indicated by the presence of a few tall palm trees, which rear their graceful leafage above the surrounding vegetation. Looking westward, southward and northward, we note that the two branches of the broad stream which conflow near the Simbooranga mouth are bounded by "league beyond league of gigantic foliage, by lofty summits of resounding mangrove woods, which grasp the depths and grapple with the floods."

Dingoti island forms the southern boundary, and Simbooranga island the northern boundary, of this noble entrance to the Rufiji delta. Near the shore of Saninga there were two small dhows, which were employed in conveying wood, for building purposes, to Zanzibar. Sometimes they also conveyed rice and gum-copal to that Arabian port.

A few Banians live on Dingoti island, who keep cows and cultivate the ground, and sometimes trade with the villages up the Rufiji for rice, which is of a most superior quality.

Early next morning after our arrival in the Simbooranga, we sailed up the right branch, which came from the south-west. Our two promised guides accompanied us. That the reader may understand our experience of the navigable utility of the stream we were about to ascend, to save needless repetition, it must be borne in mind that our deep rudder, common to Yarmouth yawls, caused our vessel to draw five feet of water. It being the south-east monsoon, we were fortunately favored with a strong breeze from that direction. The Wave fairly flew against the ebb up stream. Contrary to what we had anticipated, the scenes which each bend and curve of the river disclosed, as we ascended, were of exceeding beauty. Both banks of the river were clothed with dense varied green foliage of a uniform height, which gave it an appearance of a broad canal, with a tall green hedge on each side. We had ascended some five or six miles before the water, despite the ebb tide, began to be discolored. Then it gradually changed from its clear, pale green to a muddy gray, and became rather sweet to the taste.

A large number of creeks were seen on each side of the river. Some of considerable size on the right side, we were informed, connected the Simbooranga with the Kikunia mouth of the Rufiji. Others on the left side joined the Simbooranga with the more southern and larger mouth of the Rufiji, the Magambu, each of which I promised myself I should explore. As I noted these internal channels of this great maritime delta, I became more and more interested, as its exploration promised to disclose something different from the reports sent to England by my predecessors. Every few moments, when doubtful of the depth of the river, I caused one of the young

Englishmen to sound with a long boathook, over nine feet in length, and eight times out of ten I heard the cheery cry of "No bottom." Sometimes I felt anxiety, going at the rate we did up an unknown river, when the cry was "Just touched, sir," or "Getting shoaler;" but a movement of the tiller, after consultation with the guide, was almost invariably followed by the cry of "No bottom" again.

In this manner we proceeded for two hours, until we came abreast of a large creek which separates Salati island from Surveni island, when, through inattention and a feeling of over-security, we missed the channel and in a short time were aground, which sprung the iron pintles. The halliards were let fall, the rudder unshipped, and we proceeded to straighten matters by straightening the pintles and cutting out a portion of the rudder. A few moments later the damage was repaired, sail was hoisted again, and the center of the stream was tried, only, however, to run aground again. We labored with sail and oars to find a feasible channel for some time, but failed, and I began to think that my predecessors must be correct in their estimate of the commercial utility of the Rufiji, until, hugging closely the northern bank, we heard the cry of "no bottom," and proceeded on our way as smoothly as though the Rufiji river was many fathoms deep.

Five miles from this place we came to where the Kikunia mouth of the Rufiji branched from the Simbooranga in a north-easterly direction, apparently a much more insignificant stream than the latter; but the guide said that, though the Kikunia was narrow, it was deep.

Two miles higher up we arrived at a broad lake-like expanse of water, out of which branched to the south-east a much mightier stream than the Simbooranga. This was the Magambu, the principal mouth of the Rufiji river. It was studded with beautiful islands. Its lengthy, straight, broad reaches of water were banked by enormous and lofty globes of foliage; its islands and banks were the homes of vast numbers of aquatic birds; hippopotami sported in its depths; and on the gray spits of sand numbers of crocodiles basked in the hot glowing sunshine. Altogether it was a grand picture, and most alluring to the explorer. Over the mighty expanse of water blew the freshening breeze of the monsoon, urging our good little vessel at a quickened speed, and waving the topmost boughs of the forest, exposing the sheen and glister of their leaves, besides cooling our bodies and renewing vigor within us, until we laughed in mockery of the malaria of the extensive delta, and our healthy appetite began to rage for food.

An hour later, the thick, tall forest, which had hitherto covered every space save that occupied by the watery channels of the delta, began to thin sensibly, and vestiges of former cultivation appeared. Now and then a tall dark cluster of trees, overgrown with convolvuli, was seen, at the dark shadow and gloom of which one or two of my men, new to such tropical density of vegetation, shuddered.

By noon we had passed the most easterly feeder of the Rufiji — the Mbumi river — and were opposite Michweh. The Mbumi issues from the north-west, and is about sixty yards wide at its mouth. Canoes ascend even this tributary a considerable distance.

Miehweh is the name of a small colony of villages, and a district which may extend about four miles along the northern bank of the Rufiji. The inhabitants cultivate rice fields, the products of which they exchange with the Banians of Kikunia and Pemba Bagamoyo, etc., for cotton, cloth and pice.

In order to illustrate the disposition of the natives, I will describe an incident which occurred near an island called Surveni, opposite Miehweh. A large flock of birds, kingfishers and whydahs,were shot at with a rifle ball, which, piercing the flock, was seen to ricochet a considerable distance beyond along the surface of the river. After we had proceeded a mile, we detected several canoes close to the Miehweh bank, trying to outstrip us. Four continued their way, while one canoe separated from the other, which, taking advantage of the dead water along the lee of some islets, was soon able to overtake us.

One of our guides hailed the soliary canoeman and asked him what he wanted. He answered that he had come to inquire who we were, and for what purpose we had come to the Rufiji, and why we fired bullets, to the imminent risk of people fishing in the river. His reply and questions were given with that force, volubility and rasping harshness I remembered so well were the characteristics of the voices of the Wagogo when angered.

The guide replied mildly that we had "come to see, that's all"—*Tembea tou.*

"To see; see what?"

"To see the river."

"What for?"

"To see. Why? God knows! The white men do such strange things. They put it down in a book, and that is all I know that ever comes of it."

"Huh! How far do they intend to go?"

"As far as there is plenty of water for the boat in the Rufiji."

"Inside?"

"Yes, inside."

"Huh! The Rufiji extends far — many days' journey— and there is always water in the Rufiji."

"The white men intend to go and see for themselves how far there is plenty of water."

"How much do they intend to give me for shooting on the river?"

"Nothing."

The breeze came down over the tops of the trees, bellied the sails out full and large, and the Wave passed by the prurient native irresistibly.

Half an hour later the Pamfoumeh district west of Miehweh was reached, with the tide and wind now strong in our favor, and soon after we came to Bumba, the remaining mouth of the Rufiji, which relieves the channel of the river proper of its volume of water. Bumba, accordingly, is also an insignificant stream compared to either the Magambu, Simbooranga, or the Kikunia. Its appearance and breadth corroborated the guides' report. Lower down the Bumba divides its waters among the Nguruweh, Otikiti, Simaya Mtote, Njemjia and Mdwana mouths.

At Kisembea, situated at the head of a long reach of the Rufiji, whose course here came from the south-east, large numbers of people flocked to the banks of the river to observe the strange phenomenon of a large boat towing another one and going fast up stream by means of sails. They had heard of a "smoke boat" having ascended as far as Agunia, lower down, but they had not seen it, though they marvelled much that such things should be. They were exceedingly inquisitive, and wondered that white men should come so far to "see" only water. Long after we had passed them we noted that the strange incident was being discussed by the interested groups, who had greedily fastened their eyes upon the boats and their belongings as they glided by them.

Beyond Kisembea, the Rufiji's course has a straight three-mile reach from the south-south-west. It has a breadth varying from 400 to 250 yards, and the channel is deep and easily found by observing the banks of the river. At no place could we find soundings with the boat-hook. Any river-steamboat man in America could, so far, have found no fault with the stream. It was marked by every characteristic of a navigable river. From the sea up to Kisembea, a distance of twenty-two miles as I made it, the largest steamer that floats on the Mississippi river — which I believe has a tonnage of over 5,000 — might ascend and descend without any impediment. The Wave ran aground twice in that distance, but it was our own fault — we had missed the proper channel. When we had ascertained it we found plenty of water and no difficulty.

Marenda district, which succeeds Kisembea as we ascend, is very populous, and small villages are found in clusters. The plain is exceedingly fertile, and produces rice, holcus, sorghum, Indian corn sweet potatoes, vegetables in abundance ; cocoanut trees are frequently seen, while the plantain is most prolific.

At sunset we anchored in midstream opposite Jumbe, at a distance of forty miles by river from Saninga island, congratulating ourselves that we had done a good day's work, having then ascended at least twenty miles higher up the Rufiji than any other white man, and with a conviction strong in our minds that our predecessors had libeled the noble river without sufficient cause.

I despatched men on shore as soon as we anchored to convey my most respectful salaams to the chief Jumbe, and to inform him that I should be delighted to make friends with him, which message was cordially received by him, at the same time that he took occasion to send me tokens of his regard in the shape of five cocoanuts and one chicken.

Had I not done the diplomatic thing, our guides informed us that we would very likely have been visited by " river thieves " during the night.

Next morning Jumbe came, bringing with him more substantial tokens of friendship, and quite a retinue of chiefs, until our boat, already well loaded, had her gunwales but a foot above water.

After reciprocating Jumbe's acts of friendship, the first questions I naturally asked were relative to the length, breadth and depth of the Rufiji river; the countries round about him and the slave trade; its land route, and what the prospects of opening legitimate commerce between him, his people and neighbors, with white people. What information may be embodied in the following remarks, has been gleaned from him, the chief of Saninga, the guides, and Hasson bin Salim el Shaksi whom I met next day.

First as regards the Rufiji river, its length and value to European merchants.

All parties united in informing us that the Rufiji river rises in

Gangeh — Ugangeh, according to Arabic and Swahili traders, which, as near as I can make out, with a desire to be as accurate as possible, is south by west of Unyamyembe. The main branch, known in the far interior as the Rwaha, comes from south of west from Jumbe; the lesser branch, but an important one, is called Kienga, and comes from the south-west, from possibly the same range of mountains as the north-western branch of the Rovuma takes its rise. On traversing Ugangeh, the Rufiji, as yet an insignificant stream, flows eastward through Northern Unena, then the country of Sango or Usango, when, arriving in Urori, it gains power and volume by an accession of many small streams which drain the pastoral land of Urori.

The Warori, or people of Urori, use this stream greatly. They fish in its waters, they hunt hippopotami for the sake of its teeth, and for hides to make their shields; they convey butter and fat long distances up and down in canoes to trade for salt; they voyage on it for important hunting excursions; from all of which I gather that at a distance of 240 geographical miles from the sea, the Rufiji is of magnitude sufficient to be utilized by the natives; and from Hasson bin Salim el Shaksi, who has crossed it several times in Urori, I believe that it is about forty or fifty yards wide, with numerous fords in it, where the water only comes up to the hips — say about three feet deep.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

MR. STANLEY'S THIRD LETTER.

UNDEVELOPED COMMERCE OF THE RUFIJI.

[From the New York Herald of December 4, 1874.]

ZANZIBAR, COAST OF AFRICA, *October* 23, 1874.

It is well known to travelers who have been in Central Africa that Urori is a large country situate south of Ugogo. Along the southerly frontier of Ugogo rise several streams, the principal of which is the Kisigo, abounding with hippopotami and crocodiles. East of Urori commences Kasungu, through which the Kisigo and its sister streams flow into the Rwaha, which soon becomes known as the Rufiji.

After traversing Kasungu, along a distance which the Arabs designate an eight days' journey, the Rufiji enters Katanga from the south-west, from which may be deducted the inference that the river makes a deep bend before reaching Katanga. From Katanga to Matumbi is ten days' journey. From Jumbe to the Matumbi mountains is a distance of thirty miles. On the other side of the Matumbi mountains the Rufiji is joined by the Kienga river, which, as I said before, comes from the south-west.

According to Jumbe and two of his chiefs, who had ascended the Rufiji as far as Matumbi, the river is deep enough for a boat the size of the Wave (they were not aware that she drew five feet), but there are several bars during low ebb which impede navigation, so that, though we might ascend far, we should find plenty of trouble and hard work. Our gig, they said, might easily ascend as far as Urori if the natives permitted us, but it would require talk and bungo cloth.

The resources of the country around us, of Jumbe and the neighboring tribes, were manifold, according to native report. Jumbe himself could sell me, if I required it, three times as much rice as would fill the Wave. The people round about possessed abundance of this grain. On the entire Rufiji plain, between Matumbi and the sea, I might collect as much rice, Indian corn, chickens and eggs as I needed or could take away cheap. Jumbe would sell me fifteen measures of rice for cloth worth one dollar at Zanzibar. Only six measures of rice sell for one dollar at Zanzibar. In exchange for their products they were willing to receive silver money, dollars and rupees, umpice, crockery, glassware and cotton cloth, Merikani and Kaniki.

At the base of the mountains of Matumbi is to be found an abundance of gum-copal, the fossil gum known here as msan-durusi, from which carriage varnish is made. It is sold by the frasilah, a weight of thirty-five pounds. At the base of the mountains, where there is an inexhaustible supply of it, it can be purchased at from one dollar to three dollars per frasilah, according to the talents and eloquence of the purchaser. At Zanzibar it ranges in price from seven dollars to nine dollars per weight of thirty-five pounds. This means, supposing a steam vessel drawing but thirty inches of water, especially constructed for river navigation, with a capacity of thirty tons, were to proceed up the Rufiji to the copal diggings, and purchase thirty tons of this gum at three dollars per weight of thirty-five pounds, that at Zanzibar the enterprizing merchant could sell his cargo to the first European or American merchant for eight dollars the frasilah at this very moment; in other words, obtain the handsome sum of $12,500 for an outlay during a few days or weeks of $5,700.

Beyond Matumbi all the countries north, south and west contain ivory in greater or lesser quantities. Urori is rich in this precious article of trade. The same enterprising merchant, having employed the late dry season in the collection of his gum-copal cargo, could proceed safely any distance up the Rufiji as far as Urori, where he could have, of course, an agent in advance of him, and collect easily a cargo of thirty tons of ivory. This article is worth in Unyanyembe one dollar per pound; in Urori it may be purchased at from sixty cents to ninety cents per pound.

If we make a tabular estimate of the cost and profit to be obtained in this trade your readers will perceive for themselves of what value painstaking geographical research is to the merchant:

To cost at Zanzibar of thirty tons ivory, at $65 the frasilah free of all duty	$124,800
To cost in Urori of thirty tons of ivory, at $31.50 the frasilah	60,430
Clear profit, £11,016 9s. 6d., or	$64,320

Ugangeh is richer in ivory than Urori, according to the Arabs; but until my exploration of the Rufiji I admit that I never heard of this country before; but there is such a vast extent of country west of the Rufiji delta so little known that long years must elapse before the geography of eastern Central Africa can become known. Ugogo at the present time contributes occasionally large supplies of ivory to the coast; but the labor to obtain it by land, the tribute to which the merchant is subjected, the annoyances of which he is the object, are so great and many that, once the river traffic was opened, the proud Wagogo would be compelled to carry their own ivory to the Rufiji for sale.

Katanga and Kasungu are both new countries, now made known for the first time; so, also, are Korongo, Koni, Toleya, which lie on the north side of the Rufiji, between Kazungu and Matumbi. Descending the river from the Matumbi Mountains, the great plain which lies between them and its maritime delta extends before the eye, bounded to the north-east by the purple lines of the distant hills and ridges of Keecki and Wande; eastward, by the dark, gloomy forests of the delta; southward, by the countries of Muhoro and Kilonga, which, from a distance, present an appearance of unbroken forest.

This great plain of the Rufiji is the creation of the river. The rich deposit it has left during ages is fathoms deep. On its surface, enriched every rainy season by the dark mould left by the inundations, lies inexhaustible wealth. Sugar, rice, grain of various kinds, thrive wonderfully on the fat soil. It is the most populous district I have seen during four journeys to Africa, and I should estimate that at least 50,000 people inhabit this great plain. The villages stand in knots and clusters along the banks of the river, and from the time we passed Kisimbia until we anchored opposite Jumbe each bank presented troops of curious sight-seers, who stood in full view of us without the least fear or distrust, from which one may be pardoned if he concludes that they gained such courage from the knowledge of their numbers. Between Fugalleh and Nyambwa, I must certainly have seen some thousands of natives, who, though they chaffed us considerably, showed the very best disposition — such a disposition as may be always looked for in a people with trading instincts.

Almost always the second question propounded to a native by me on this river was, "Do the slaves pass by this way?" They all answered me promptly, "No," following it with the required information. The answer each time was the same, except at Jumbe, where I discovered that I was almost opposite the exact spot where the Arab slave traders sometimes crossed. The route now mainly adopted by the slave traders — commencing from Kilwa Kivinjia — crosses the Mgenga river, the Mto-Piani and, arriving at Perereh, passes through Sumanga, Ngumbu, Mamboro, Muhoro to Mirongegi, which lies close to Jumbe, and, crossing the river at Kisu, sometimes follows the northern bank of the Rufiji to Kikunia, a three days' journey to the slave driver. From Kikunia the main road is that which leads through Kisimeteh, Ngimpia, Sindaji, Kivinjia, Kiviniga, Kisigu, and arrives at Mbuamaji, on the sea; or the slave caravan pushes on to Dar Salaam.

The route adopted by the slave traders mainly in crossing the Rufiji, is that which skirts the Matumbi mountains via Ruhingo, on the river. All the eastern villages along the line of travel through the Rufiji plain are interested in the slave trade. They keep the slave traders informed of every item of news concerning the approach of any foe, particularly the white men, and I discovered that long before we had arrived at Jumbe the natives knew of our coming. Messengers had been despatched from Miehweh by river and by land to herald our advent in the river, and I noted, also, that as soon as our boat hove in sight of any village of a principal district a couple of canoes well manned with paddlers left to inform those above that the dreaded Wasungu had at last invaded the river with two boats. On the morrow I was informed by a servant of Jumbe I should experience different treatment if I persisted in my intention of ascending the river.

In the morning we prepared to extend our discoveries up stream. The dew had fallen heavily during the night. The tall reeds which fringed the river banks dripped huge rain drops, which the morning sun transformed into the appearance of diamonds. Large crowds of natives speedily made their appearance and were witnesses of the preliminary work of getting under way, but they made no demonstration of hostility.

Soon after starting, our gig put to shore to convey a man aboard who expressed a wish to trade with the white men. As the gig rowed hard after us with him, this native took fright at the sound of our bugle, which was blown to hasten the movements of the rowers, and took a somerset into the water, to the intense merriment of all on board and the sight-seers on shore. We at once dropped anchor to encourage him and to explain to him that it was a most foolish thing to be afraid of white men, who would never come up the Rufiji except as friends to the natives. We had the gratification to see him come on board again and depart with a profound respect for white people.

Continuing our journey, a few snags made their appearance in the river for the first time, but they presented no obstacles; the river was broad and deep enough on either side. Shortly after rounding a sharp bend of the river, the Matumbi mountains came clear and distinct into view, from which I surmise that we were not twenty miles from them. While admiring the scene so suddenly presented to our view we were approaching the northern bank of the river, on which a large settlement was visible. The district was called Kisu, and the people are strong upholders of the slave trade and hostile to white men, whom they have been taught to regard as enemies by the slave traders.

We were compelled by the channel to approach within a few feet of the bank, and had they been able to decide rapidly upon hostilities we all should have been exposed to great danger. The friendly breeze, however, came on strong and fresh at this moment and we swept by them in an instant. But we had no sooner passed this than another large cluster of villages came in view, and a body of about 200 natives were seen at the landing place. As we drew near, the chief stepped out and hailed us, demanding to know what business we had on the Rufiji. He was answered by one of our armed escort, a tall, robust, young fellow, black as ink in features, but with an eye like a hawk and shoulders that in breadth would not have disgraced the best man in her Majesty's Life Guards.

"We are white men. What do you want?"

"I want you to stop for a talk."

"We don't want to talk just yet. We have not gone far enough."

"I want you to stop first before you go up further."

"Cannot do it, master," answered he boldly, and making a certain sign, which all understand who know East Africans, indicating that he was wearied.

"I tell you to stop."

"We are sick of stopping, master; cannot do it, master."

"Why have you come up the river?"

"To see."

"To see what?"

"The river."

"What about the river?"

"To know how far it goes and how deep the water is."

"How far do you intend going?"

"As far as we can."

"There are bars (jungo) on the river. You cannot cross those in that big boat."

"We will try to."

"Well, now, take my advice; stop here, or it will be worse for you."

"Impossible, master."

"I'll make you stop."

"Do so, then, and farewell to you, master."

The chief of Kisu was left fuming on the landing place, and men were seen running hither and thither in alarm, and the groups were seen to become small knots of men, violently gesticulating and stamping their feet, but all this time the Wave was plunging up river before a spanking breeze.

We were sailing gloriously along, and the Kisu chief and his violent people were left far behind. Bend after bend had been safely rounded, the mountains were seen more distinctly, when we suddenly stopped and half keeled over. Our deep helm was furrowing the sand at the stern, and the bow, though drawing but two feet, was fast. Extricating her from her position, we sought another spot, and after great difficulty managed to cross the bar. The sun was fearfully hot, and seemed to burn into our brains. The wind died away, and came only in cats'-paws. The current was not very rapid, as the river was broad at this place; but it was such laborious work with the oars that we had simply become subjects of derision to the jeering and hostile natives. However, we persevered, and, with one sail hoisted, we managed to creep along and make progress, though slow.

Soon we were requested to halt a second time by the shore people, but we paid no heed to them except to answer an occasional question. The excitement was evidently growing along the shore, and our continued progress despite all threats and commands seemed to have plunged them into a stupor of rage. At one village, a few miles above the larger settlements of Kisu, a friendly voice shouted out, "You cannot go further with that big boat; there is no water ahead;" to which we answered cheerily that was precisely what we came to know, and we would try, and if not able to go ahead we would return.

About a mile above the village the river widened to about 300 yards. The low shores seemed to be but dried sandbanks, and right across from side to side the water rippled uneasily, with every indication of a stubborn bar. The guides, as they looked at it, said at once that we had come as far as we could go in the large boat. We pushed on, however, and went aground. We unshipped the rudder, hauled down the sail, manned fourteen oars, and, with a vociferous chorus to the exhilarating boat song, we plunged forward, one of the young Englishmen sounding ahead. Again and again we tried it, but of no avail; over and over again we ploughed the sands, and stuck fast. Above this sand bar, which is about 200 yards in breadth, the river resumes its usual depth, but the navigation is impeded by sand bars.

After deliberating as to what had best be done, I concluded to return and explore the two other principal exits from the delta, the Magambu and the Kikunia, and then visit Matli island, opposite the Rufiji delta, after which I should have expended all the time I could spare before commencing my march into the interior.

On descending the river the natives shouted out to us, "We know why the Wasunga have come to the Rufiji. You came here to find out about the slave trade — to catch the slave traders. Return and tell the other white people that we will not have the slave traders troubled nor their road crossed.

One chief was so furious that he followed us for half a mile with his men, cursing us and using the most violent language and gesture, but, fortunately for him, he confined himself to this verbal demonstration of hostility.

On the second day we entered the magnificent Magambu, and eight hours after commencing the descent arrived at the sea. Then, after setting sail, we sailed north again, and two hours later we entered the noble estuary of the Kikunia branch of the delta, and, before a vigorous breeze and an incoming tide, sailed up the river once more, and at night anchored at the mouth of Pemba creek. At noon the next day we had entered the Simbooranga, and descended that stream to Sanninga, where we were greeted with kindness by the people of that island.

Mana island we ascertained to be a most fertile island abounding in palm groves and shambas, or gardens. It is the third island in size within the sultan's dominions. Situated opposite the delta of the Rufiji, it seems as if placed by nature at this position as the *entrepôt* of the mainland, which is but ten miles distant. Ships of large tonnage could ride securely at anchor within 500 yards of Kismia Mana, a place which the Admiralty charts absurdly call Kissomang Point. Were not my letter already of such great length, I could easily point out the advantages of securing a portion of Mana — say the district in the neighborhood of Kismia Mafia — as a place to plant a colony of freed slaves, from which locality, after instructions and preparation, they might emerge as enterprising traders into the interior, via the Rufiji river. But I must leave these remarks for some future letter, for I must now hasten to give an unprejudiced opinion upon the value of our exploration of the Rufiji.

Readers interested in African exploration in new commercial avenues may see for themselves what the Rufiji is after reading this letter. It has lost but little in my estimation because I failed to ascend higher than Kisu in a boat built for ocean sailing. Had I possessed the Lady Alice, which Mr. Messenger, of Teddington, was building for me — and which has only arrived by this mail — I could have ascended, I believe, a couple of hundred miles, if not more, with my entire escort of armed men. For exploration, prudence requires that we shall be prepared for all contingencies; that there shall be sufficient men accompanying the explorer to enable him with a few men to make a proper defense if attacked. Our gig would have conveyed eight men and a week's provisions, but she would not have made us independent of the land, nor strong enough to resist attack, which would have endangered the success of our great journey. As I look at the Lady Alice, I find her a boat of sufficient capacity to convey up any river a force of twenty-five men, with a month's provisions, yet she draws but twelve inches loaded. She is forty feet in length, six feet beam, built of Spanish cedar, in watertight compartments. A duplicate of this boat would enable any traveler to proceed up the Rufiji as far as any native canoe, after which the report of such man, on his return, of the navigability of the Rufiji would settle the question forever.

In the meantime, so far as we ascended, the Rufiji must be classed as a navigable river. Such a steamer as Sir John Glover possessed on the Volta, or one built after the model of an American river steamer, may proceed up the Rufiji with ease, whenever any merchant shall be found bold enough to enter on a promising African venture.

Our work of exploration also clears up the difficulties of annihilating the overland route of the slave trader. Steam launches, properly built for river navigation, commanded by officers familiar with river navigation, assisted by guides procured at Samuga island, may proceed either up the Magambu or Simbooranga mouth of the Rufiji, and, towing up with them a few light flatboats loaded with coal, could anchor them at Jumbe; and proceeding lightly loaded, could capture a few slave caravans and bring down their proprietors to be punished at Zanzibar. Any naval officer, acting discreetly and energetically, could strike within four days a most effective and deadly blow at the land slave trade. Such a system of action at intervals of a few weeks could not fail to be followed by results which would gratify and astonish every one in England. Mafia island, off Kismia Mafia, offers a capital rendezvous for the man-of-war during the absence of her launches; but if I may suggest any thing from my experience of this river, I would advise that those officers charged with this duty should consist of those who have experience and who have volunteered for this important duty; that one man-of-war should be appointed specially for this river work, properly equipped with a capacious steam vessel, which might navigate this stream without detriment to the good cause. A small stern-wheeler, which any English Thames ship-builder could construct, drawing but eighteen inches of water, armed with one mountain steel seven-pounder and a couple of rocket tubes, with a crew of forty men, could forever solve the problem of how to stop the East African slave trade.

Captain Elton, in his official report to Captain Prideaux, acting political agent at Zanzibar, publishes the fact that a grand total of 4,096 slaves were marched by the overland route from Kilwa to Dar Salaam. I know nothing whatever of the accuracy of these figures, but I have already disclosed to you the whereabouts of the slave trader's tracks and have informed you what my explorations of the Rufiji suggest should be done to crush the now established land slave traffic.

I should not have been at such pains to find out what I have given you above if I did not feel from my soul that the government of Great Britain, which has expended such vast sums for the suppression of this slave trade, might, for the small sum of £5,000, begin to hope that her great mission in East Africa was approaching its successful accomplishment, and so enable all men to cry "*Laus Deo.*"

HENRY M. STANLEY.

MR. STANLEY'S FOURTH LETTER.

PREPARATION AND ORGANIZATION AT ZANZIBAR FOR THE EXPEDITION TO CENTRAL AFRICA.

[From the New York Herald of December 24, 1874.]

ZANZIBAR, *November* 12, 1874.

The expedition which bears the above title is about to commence its long journey into the heart of unexplored Africa, but before embarking on board the fleet of dhows which are anchored near by waiting for us I wish to employ a few hours in giving you some information respecting its organization, present intentions and prospects.

STANLEY'S RESOLUTION FOR THE GREAT WORK.

Acquainted but too well with the dangers, the sicknesses, the troubles and annoyances which I shall have presently to encounter, since the burden of responsibility of the conduct of this expedition rests on myself alone, I must confess to a slight feeling of joy at the prospect of immediate departure for the interior. I feel elated at the fact that I have been selected as the commander of this expedition, for the very fact of my selection argues that there is a being in existence something similar to me in form and appearance; and that this being who once was very much doubted has sufficient integrity and honesty to be chosen to repeat his journey to Africa. Though I had very many reasons for not undertaking a second journey to Africa, I was conscious that by the acceptance of this command I would compel those who doubted that I had discovered Livingstone at Ujiji to confess themselves in error; and the member of the Royal Geographical Society, who called me a "charlatan," to retract the libel. The few months I had spent in Ashantee with the British troops had not materially injured my health. At the same time they had not contributed much to establish that which had been impaired during my search after Livingstone. But without considering the wisdom of the proceeding or my powers to accomplish the duty I was preparing to perform, I sailed from England in command of the Daily Telegraph and New York Herald expedition, with the paramount idea in me that if I lived to return with good results my unjust enemies would be silenced forever. So much for myself and my hopes.

VOLUNTEERS FOR THE SERVICE.

Soon after the Daily Telegraph's publication of the fact that a new expedition was about to proceed to Africa under my command, I became the recipient of some hundreds of letters from volunteers who desired to assist and advise me in my undertaking. It would be no exaggeration to state that these applicants for position in this expedition considerably exceeded 1,200 in number. Probably 700 of them were natives of Great Britain; 300 were natives of America, and the balance might be distributed equally between France and Germany. Three of these volunteers were generals, five were colonels, several scores were captains and lieutenants in the army; about fifty applications came from officers in the navy, while the rest were civilians in various professions and walks of life, ranging from the civil engineer high in his profession and proficient in all acquirements, to the Liverpool cotton porter and New York boarding-house runner, who desired to see Africa, "having visited almost all parts of the world." The army and navy officers who applied were evidently gentlemen in earnest, far better qualified, perhaps, than I was for the post of commander; but, judging from their letters, I must confess that the majority of the civilians who applied for situations were madmen, and that the rest were fools, who knew nothing of what they boasted they could do. It may be that I use very harsh terms, but I speak the truth; and, as the applicants shall be nameless, I do no harm. The unblushing falsehoods of these nameless applicants naturally disgusted me; there were few of them who did not declare, on their honor, that they were up to every "dodge," had seen every thing and knew every thing. One madman proposed that I should take a balloon with me; another a flying ship; another proposed that he and I should go alone, disguised as negroes, and unarmed; another desired me to take a tramway with me and a small locomotive, of which he would be the engineer; another proposed that I should endeavor to establish an empire in Africa, which was a very easy thing to do, as he had read "Kaloolah," "Ned Gray," and "My Kalulu," and "knew all about it;" while one, still more insane than any, suggested to me that, instead of taking guns and ammunition, and paying tribute to "nigger" chiefs, I should poison them offhand. The Frenchmen and Germans were mainly commissioners of hotels, who, like the idiots I imagine them to be by their letters, volunteered to interpret for me at the various hotels I should happen to stop at in Africa. They were rich in recommendations, and could speak seven languages; they were all prime travelers, and the only merit they possessed in my eyes was that they knew how to cook a "bef-tek" on occasion. To all these applicants I was naturally mutely impregnable; but I may as well inform them all, through your columns, that I have with me three young Englishmen with whom I have every reason to believe I shall be perfectly satisfied, and that I bid them all a regretful farewell.

FRIENDS AT AND AFTER THE FAREWELL.

I never knew how many kind friends I could number until I was about to sail from England. The White Star line treated me in the most princely fashion; gave me free passages to America and back. The Peninsular and Oriental company and the British India, through their courteous agents, showered courtesy after courtesy on me. Testimonials from hundreds of gentlemen were thrust on me, and invitations to dinner and parties, and to "spend a month or so in the country" were so numerous that if I could have availed myself of them in succession, years must elapse before any hotel need charge a penny to my account. But, though my preparations for the journey monopolized my time and prevented me from doing any thing more than declining, with thanks, these manifold kindnesses, my numerous friends must believe that I am none the less grateful. I departed from England, August the fifteenth, loaded with good wishes, keepsakes, photographs, favors of all kinds, prouder of the knowledge that I had more friends than enemies than any prince or potentate can be of his throne or power.

BRACING UP AT ADEN.

At Aden I met my white assistants, whom I had dispatched from England, via Southampton, in charge of the dogs. The young Englishmen had quite got over all melancholy feelings, and were in prime spirits, though they entertained some doubt whether, if Central Africa was as hot as Aden, they should enjoy it very much. On my assuring them that they need fear nothing on the score of heat in Africa, they expressed themselves as relieved from their greatest fear. On the British India steamer Euphrates I was delighted to find that the Pocock brothers possessed several qualifications beyond those of sobriety, civility and industry. I discovered that they were capital singers and musicians, having belonged to some choir in their native town, where they were much esteemed.

THE WELCOME AT ZANZIBAR.

The delightful weather we experienced between Aden and Zanzibar was most grateful after the intense heat of Steamer Point, and we consequently arrived at Zanzibar on the twenty-second of September, almost as fresh and robust as when we left England. The next morning after I landed, some of my old friends of the former expedition heard of my arrival, and it was very gratifying to me to see the pleasure they manifested to one who had been so stern to them on certain occasions, when naught but sternness of the most extreme kind would have enabled me to overmaster a disposition they sometimes betrayed to be sullenly disobedient and mutinous. But they remembered, as well as I did, that though I was merciless when they were disposed to be wicked, I was as kind and as partial to them as Livingstone was when all went fair and well; and they knew that, when the rewards were distributed, that those who had behaved themselves as true men were not forgotten. The report that I had come was soon bruited through the entire length and breadth of the island, and Livingstone's and my old dusky comrades gathered quickly about the house of my good host, Mr. Sparhawk, to pay their respects to me, and of course to receive heshimeh, or presents, with which, fortunately, I had provided myself before leaving England.

OLD FRIENDS AND PRESENT JUBILATION.

Here was Ulimengo, the incorrigible joker and hunter of the Search Expedition, with his mouth expanding gratefully on this day at the sight of a gold ring which encircled one of his thick black fingers, and a silver chain, which held an ornament, and hung down his broad and superb chest; and Rojab, who narrowly escaped destruction for immersing Livingstone's six years' journal in the muddy waters of the Mukondokwa, with his ebony face lighted up with the most extreme good-will towards myself for my munificent gift; and Manwas Sera also, the redoubtable ambassador of Speke and my most faithful messenger, who had once braved a march of 600 miles with his companion, Sarmine, in my service, and Livingstone's most faithful captain on his last journey; he was speechless with gratitude because I had suspended a splendid jet necklace to his neck, and encircled one of his fingers with a huge seal ring, which, to his mind, was a sight to see and enjoy.

Nor was the now historical Mabruki Speke — styled by Captain Burton "Mabruki the Bull-headed" — who has each time distinguished himself with white men as a hawk-eyed guardian of their property and interests — nor was Mabruki, I say, less enraptured with his presents than his fellows; while the courtly, valiant, faithful Chowperch — the man of manifold virtues, the indomitable and sturdy Chowperch — was as pleased as any with the silver dagger and gold bracelet and ear-rings which fell to his share.

His wife, whom I had purchased from the eternally wandering slave gang, and released from the harsh cold iron collar which encircled her neck, and whom I had bestowed upon Chowperch as a free woman for life, was, I discovered, the happy mother of a fine little boy, a little tiny Chowperch, who I hope will grow up to lead future expeditions to Africa, and be as loyal to white men as his good father has proved himself. Besides bestowing presents on the wife and child, Chowperch, who had heard that I had brought a wondrous store of medicine, entreated me that I should secure his son during his absence with me in Africa, against any visitation of the small-pox, which I hope I have done by vaccination.

A DIALOGUE WITH THE "FAITHFULS."

Two or three days after my arrival, a deputation of the "Faithfuls" came to me to learn my intentions and purposes. I informed them that I was about to make a much longer journey into Africa than formerly, and into very different countries from any that I had ever been into before, and I proceeded to sketch out to the astonished men an outline of the prospective journey. They were all seated on the ground before me, tailor fashion, eyes and ears interested, and keen to see and hear every word of my broken Kisawahili. As country after country was mentioned, of which they had hitherto but dimly heard, and river after river, lake after lake named, all of which I hoped, with their aid, to explore carefully and thoroughly, various ejaculations, expressive of emotions of wonder, joy and a little alarm, broke from their lips, but when I concluded each man drew a long breath, and almost simultaneously they uttered, in their own language, "Ah, fellows, this is a journey worthy to be called a journey!"

"But, master," said they, with some anxiety, "this long journey will take years to travel — six, nine or ten years."

"Nonsense," said I. "Six, nine or ten years. What can you be thinking of? It takes the Arabs nearly three years to go to Ujiji, it is true, but I was only sixteen months from Zanzibar to Ujiji and back to the sea. Is it not true?"

"Ay, true," answered they.

"Very well; and I tell you, further, that there is not enough money in this world to pay me for stopping in Africa ten, nine, or even six years; I have not come here to live in Africa; I have come here simply to see these rivers and lakes, and after I have seen them to return home."

"Ah, but you know the big master (Livingstone) said he was only going for two years, and you know that he was, altogether, nine years."

"That is true enough. Nevertheless, you know what I did before, and what I am likely to do again, if all goes well."

"Yes, we remember that you are very hot, and you did drive us until our feet were sore and we were ready to drop from fatigue. Wallabi! but there never was such a journey as that from Unyanyembe home! No Arab or white man came from Unyanyembe in so short a time as you did. It was nothing but throw away this thing and that, and go on, go on, go on, all the time. Aye, master, that is true."

"Well, is it likely, then, when I marched so quick before that I am likely to be slow now? Am I much older now than I was then? Am I less strong? Do I not know what a journey is now? When I first started from Zanzibar to Ujiji I allowed the guide to show me the way; but when we came back who showed you the way? Was it not I, by means of that little compass which could not lie like the guide?"

"Aye, true, master; true, every word."

"Very well, then, finish these foolish words of yours and go and get me 300 good men like yourselves, and when we get away from Bagamoyo I will show you whether I have forgotten how to travel."

"Ay, Wallah, my master;" and, in the words of the Old Testament, "they forthwith arose, and went as they were commanded."

THE COMMAND ORGANIZED.

The result of our politic "talk," or "palaver," was witnessed shortly when the doors and gates of the Bertram agency and former consulate were thronged by volunteers, who were of all shades of blackness, and who hailed from almost every African tribe known. Waluyon, Wabera, Wagnido, Wanyanmezi, Wagogo, Wasegubha, Wasagara, Wabehe, Somali, Wagalia, Wanyassa, Wadirigo, and a score of other tribes, had their representatives, and each day added to the number, until I had hardly time to do any thing more than strive, with calmness and well-practiced patience, to elicit from them information as to who they were, what they had been doing, and whom they had served. The brave fellows who had accompanied Livingstone on his last journey, or myself, of course, had the preference, because they knew me, and fewer words were wanted to strike a bargain. Forty-seven of those who accompanied Livingstone on his last journey answered to their names, and 200 strangers, in whose fidelity I was willing to risk my reputation as a traveler, and nearly £1,000 sterling in advanced wages, were finally enlisted and sworn as escort and servants. Many of them will naturally prove recusants and malcontents, braggarts, cowards and runaways; but it cannot be helped; I have done all that I am able to do in providing against desertion and rascality. Where there is such a large number of wild people it would be absurd to hope that they will all be faithful and loyal to the trust and confidence reposed in them, or that a large expedition can be conducted thousands of miles without great loss.

The enlistment of the escort and preparations for the expedition were temporarily stopped during our exploration of the Rufiji river, but on our return these were resumed with all vigor and dispatch. After the men, the armed escort and porters were secured, I devoted myself to examine the barter-goods which were necessary to procure sustenance in the far interior. I discovered, contrary to my expectations (for Mr. Clements Markham, secretary to the Geographical Society, had published the statement that these goods had risen in price since my departure from Zanzibar), that the barter goods were one per cent, and, in some instances, two per cent cheaper than they were purchasable formerly. Bales of American sheeting that cost me ninety-three dollars and seventy-five cents in 1871, I was now enabled to buy for eighty-seven dollars and fifty cents per bale, while the sami-sami beads, that formerly cost thirteen dollars the frasilah, now cost but nine dollars and seventy-five cents. This was very much in my favor; and after much consultation with the lately returned leaders of caravans upon the present prevailing fashion of beads and cloth among the distant tribes, I ordered the necessary stock of both, which, when piled up in portable bales and sacks, present quite an imposing and somewhat formidable pile.

RATE OF WAGES.

If cloth and beads and wire are cheaper than they were two years ago the hire of pagazis or porters is double. In 1871 and in 1872 I employed wanyanmezi and wanguara at the rate of two dollars and fifty cents per month each man; the same class of persons now obtain five dollars per month, and with some people I have had great difficulty to procure them at this pay, for they held out bravely for a week for seven and eight dollars per month. There must have been no lack of money, and somewhat inordinate liberality among those English gentlemen of the Cameron expedition, to have raised the hire of such men to double the former rate they were accustomed to. I hear that several of these men engaged with Cameron for seven and eight dollars per month, which, if true, only shows, too plainly, how the money has been expended. If each white traveler who intends penetrating Africa commits himself to such an injudicious proceeding as to double the rate of hire to which the pagazis and wanguara escort are accustomed, it will soon be impossible for any gentleman, unless those commissioned by a rich and generous government, to dare the venture. A moment's reflection on the expense which this liberality entails on him would show the traveler the unwisdom of liberality to strange men whom he knows nothing of previous to his journey. The time to be liberal is after the return, when the best men can be discriminated from the worst, the very good from the indifferently good, and the steadily loyal fellows from the deserters. At such a time the reward is often considered to be as good as the wages, and should the traveler require them again at some future period, his judicious distribution of rewards will be found to have been remembered to his advantage. It has grown to be a custom now for servants, porters and escort to receive at least four months' pay in advance. Before starting from Bagamoyo I expect that the expedition will number 400 men. Each of these men, previous to his marching, will have received four pounds pay in advance, either in money or in cloth. The most prudent ask that their advance be given them in cloth. Those who have money require three days to spend it in debauchery and rioting, and in purchasing wives, while a few of the staid married men, who have children, will provide stores for their families.

First Drawbacks.

On the morning of the fourth day, when the bugle sounds for the march, I need not be surprised if I find it a difficult task to muster the people together and that hours will be employed in hunting the laggards up and driving them on to our first camp, and very probably I shall find that at least fifteen or so have absented themselves altogether. This, of course, will be annoying, but it is well that I know that it is a probable thing and that I am in a measure prepared for such desertion. On the second day of the march I shall probably find myself minus ten more, which also will be annoying and exceedingly trying to the patience I have bottled up for the emergency. For several days longer there will be constant desertion by twos, threes and fours, but the losses will have to be borne and remedied somehow; and finally disease will break out, the result of their mad three days' debauchery, to be succeeded by small-pox, ulcerous sores, dysentery and fever and other diseases; and about this time, too, the white men will begin to suffer from strange languor of body and feverish pulse, and these, despite the rapidly diminishing force of carriers, will have to be transported on the shoulders of porters or on the backs of such asses as may be strong enough for such work; and the future of the expedition depends upon the way we shall be able to weather this stormy period, for the outlook at about this time will be sad indeed. Just think what a mournful jest a special correspondent of a rival newspaper might make of the Daily Telegraph and New York Herald expedition at this time, say three short weeks from the coast! The magnificent caravan which started from the sea 400 strong, armed to the teeth, comfortable, well laden and rich, each armed man strong, healthy, well chosen, his skin shining like brown satin, eyes all aglow with pride and excitement, strong in his Snider rifle and twenty rounds of cartridges, his ax and knives; twelve stately, tall guides, tricked out in crimson jobo and long plumes, heading the procession, which is nearly a mile long, while brazen trumpets blow and blare through the forest, awakening the deep woods with their sounds and animating every soul to the highest pitch of hope. Ah, this was a scene worth seeing. But three weeks from now how different will be the greatly diminished caravan. Scores will have deserted, the strong will have become weak, the robust sick, the leader will be ready to despair and to wish that he had never ventured a second time into the sea of mishaps and troubles which beset the traveler in Africa. These are my anticipations, which are none of the brighest, you will allow. However, when the soldier has donned his helmet it is too late to deplore the folly which induced him to enlist.

THE "LIVINGSTONE" PONTOON.

Among other things which I convey with me on this expedition to make our work as thorough as possible is a large pontoon named the "Livingstone." A traveler having experience of the difficulties which prevent efficient exploration is not likely to enter Africa without being provided with almost every requisite likely to remove the great obstacles which lack of means of ferriage presents. After I had accepted the command of this second expedition I began to devise and invent the most portable kind of floating expedient or vehicle to transport baggage and men across streams and lakes to render me independent of the native chiefs. I thought of every thing I had seen likely to suit my purpose. Zinc tubes, such as the engineer department conveyed to the Prah in the late Ashantee war; canvas boats, such as Marcy, in his "Prairie Traveler," recommends; the devices and expedients suggested in "Art of Travel," India rubber boats, Irish wicker boats, etc., but every thing I thought of that previous travelers had experimented with were objected to by me on account of their weight and insufficient floating power. It is one of the most interesting things in African travel, among chains of lakes and numerous large rivers, to resolve the problem of navigating these waters safely and expeditiously without subjecting an expedition to the caprice and extortion of an ignorant savage chief or entailing upon yourself heavy expense for porterage. As no carts or wagons can be employed in conveying boats or zinc pontoons through the one-foot-wide paths, which are the channels of overland trade in Central Africa, zinc pontoons were not to be thought of. A zinc tube, eighteen inches in diameter and eight feet long, would form a good load for the strongest porter; but fancy the number of tubes of this zinc required to convey across a lake fifty miles wide a force of 300 men and about nine tons of baggage and material of an expedition; and what kind of a boat, such as we could carry with us, could transport such a number and weight across a stormy lake, at a moderately rapid rate of travel, a distance of from 1,000 to 2,000 miles?

After much anxious deliberation and ruin of much paper I sketched out a series of inflatable pontoon tubes, to be two feet in diameter and eight feet long, to be laid transversely, resting on three separate keels and securely lashed to them with two separate triangular compartments of the same depth, eight feet at the base, which should form the bow and stem of the inflatable boat. Over these several sections three lengthy poles were to be laid which should be lashed between each transverse tube to the three keels underneath. Above these upper poles laid lengthwise were to be bamboo poles, laid transversely, upon which the passengers and baggage might rest, without danger of foundering. After the design was fully matured the next thing to do was to find a manufacturer intelligent enough to comprehend what was required, and as J. C. Cording, of Piccadilly, London, had a good reputation among travelers, I tried him, and after a very few moments' conversation with the foreman of the shop, I was delighted to find that he perfectly understood what unusually strong material was requisite, and every part and portion of the design. I need only add that within a month I had in my possession the several parts and sections of this peculiar floating craft, beautifully and strongly made, in as complete and efficient order as would please the most fastidious traveler. All these several sections, when put in the scales, weighed 300 pounds, which, divided into portable loads of sixty pounds each, require but five men to carry the entire craft. No material can possibly equal this. If the strong, thick india rubber cloth is punctured or rent, Cording has supplied me with the material to repair it, and if all turns out as well with it as I strongly anticipate and hope it will, it must, of course, prove invaluable to me.

HIS NEW BOAT.

But an explorer needs something else, some other form of floatable structure, to be able to produce results worthy of a supreme effort at penetrating the unknown parts of Africa. He must have a boat with him with which he may be enabled to circumnavigate lakes and penetrate long distances up and down rivers with a small and efficient body of men, while the main body is encamped at some suitable and healthy site. And what kind of a boat can be invented for the traveler such as he can carry thousands of miles, through bush and jungle and heat and damp and rain, without impairing its usefulness or causing him to regard it as an incumbrance? After various plans and designs I could think of nothing better than a light cedar boat, something after the manner and style of the Okonaga (Canada) cedar boat, but larger and of greater capacity. These Canadian boats are generally thirty feet in length and from five to six feet in width. They are extremely light and portable, and when near rapids are taken ashore and easily hoisted on the shoulders of six men and taken to smooth waters again. But a boat of this kind, though portable for short distances in Canada, would have to be constructed differently to be carried along the crooked narrow paths of African jungles. They would require to be built in water-tight sections, each section light enough to be carried by two men without distressing the bearers. Mr. James Messenger, of Teddington, near London, has a well-deserved reputation for building superb river boats, and while enjoying a Sunday near Hampton, witnessing the various specimens of his skill and workmanship, I came to the conclusion that Mr. Messenger would suit me. I had an interview with this gentlemen, and I laid my plans before him. I soon discovered that I was in the presence of a master workman, by the intelligent way he followed my explanations,.though it was evident that he had not the slightest idea what an African jungle path was like. He understood what I meant by "portability," but his ideas of "portability" of any thing naturally suggested it on a broad highway, an English turnpike road, or at the utmost a path over treeless fields or commons. I doubt if even now the gentleman understands the horrors of a jungle path, with its intricate and never-ending crooked curves, beset on each side by a depth and intensity of vegetation through which we must struggle, and twist, and contort our bodies that we may pass through with our burdens, while the perspiration which streams from our brows almost blinds us, and causes us to grope and stumble and halt, like so many blind puppies, in that sickly, dull twilight which reigns there. To convey any thing very large, or wide, or high, or long, is out of the question through such a tangle and under such circumstances; and I must assume to myself the credit of having endeavored to describe such a locality as vividly as my powers would enable me to the boat-builder. Mr. Messenger accepted the contract to build a boat of light, well seasoned cedar, forty feet in length and six feet in width, in five sections, each section of which was not to exceed more than 120 pounds in weight. I saw the boat after it was constructed, and before it was sawn up into sections, and her beautiful lines and the skilled workmanship lavished on her elicited at once from me unqualified praise and approbation. Before departing from his yard I suggested to Mr. Messenger that he should weigh her as she stood, and divide her, if he found her of greater weight than he or I anticipated, into sections not exceeding 120 pounds in weight.

This boat, completed and packed with care, followed me to Zanzibar by the next mail. When I opened the packages a perfect marvel of boat architecture was revealed; every bolt and nut worked perfect and free, and every one who saw the sections admired them. In a transport of joy I ordered the weighing scales to be rigged up, and each section weighed carefully. Four of the sections weighed 280 pounds avoirdupois, and one section weighed 310 pounds! The utter impossibility of rectifying this mistake in a place like Zanzibar made me despair at first, and I thought the best thing to do was to ship her back to England, and present her, with my compliments, to Mr. Messenger; but, upon inquiring for a carpenter, a young shipwright called Ferris was introduced to me and recommended for his intelligence. I exhibited the beautiful but totally unmanageable boat, and told him that in her present state she was useless to me and to everybody else, because she was too heavy and cumbersome, and that I could not carry her if I were paid five pounds per mile for doing so, and that time was short with me. I desired him to cut her down six inches, and subdivide each section, and to complete the work within two weeks, for that was the utmost time I could give him. To effect these improvements the two after sections had to be condemned, which would curtail the length considerably, and, of course, mar her beauty.

I can now congratulate myself (good Mr. Ferris having completed his work to my entire satisfaction), on possessing a boat which I can carry any distance without distressing the porters, with twelve men, rowing ten oars and two short paddles, and able to sail over any lake in Central Africa. I ought to state here that I do not blame Mr. Messenger for the mistake of sending me such unmanageable sections so much as I blame myself for not stopping over another month in

England to watch the construction of such a novelty as this kind of boat must necessarily be to a Thames boat builder.

SCIENTIFIC APPLIANCES.

As this expedition is for a different purpose to the former one with which I discovered Livingstone, I am well provided with the usual scientific instruments which travelers who intend to bring home results that will gratify scientific societies take with them. I have chronometers, sextants, artificial horizons, compasses, beam and prismatic; pedometers; aneroid barometers and thermometers; nautical almanacs for three years, hand leads and 1,000 fathoms sounding line with a very complete little reel, mathematical instruments, a planisphere, and a complete and most excellent photographic apparatus, and a large stock of dry plates. I have also half a dozen good timepieces, silver and gold, blank charts and every paraphernalia and apparatus necessary to bring home such results as will suit the most captious critic.

BAGAMOYO, THE STARTING POINT.

The east coast of Africa, from the mouth of the Juba river to the mouth of the Rouemna, possesses hundreds of good starting points for the unexplored interior, but the best, for many reasons, is the Bagamoyo. The present expedition is such a large and costly one, and so promises to be far the best organized and best equipped of any that ever left the sea-coast of East Africa for the purpose of exploration, that it would have been a great pity if it were wrecked or ruined just as it began to set out to fulfill its mission. To guard against the possibility of a total collapse, I have, after much deliberation, decided to start from Bagamoyo, and proceed some distance along the well-known caravan path, so as to give confidence to my men, and withdraw them as much as possible from the temptation to desert, and then plunge northward into the Masai land — a country as yet untrod by white men, and of the state of which the best informed of us are totally ignorant. It will be a risky undertaking, but not half as dangerous as starting for that country from some unknown seaport.

THE OBJECTIVE POINT.

My present intention is, then, to make my way westward to the Victoria Nyanza, and ascertain whether Speke's or Livingstone's hypothesis is the correct one — whether the Victoria Nyanza consists of one lake or five lakes. All the most important localities will be fixed by astronomical observations, and whether the Victoria lake consists of one or many lakes, we shall discover by complete circumnavigation. When this work is finished, I intend to visit Metesa or Rumanika, and then cross over to the Lake Albert Nyanza, and endeavor to ascertain how far Baker is correct in his bold hypothesis concerning its length and breadth. On this lake I expect to meet Gordon and his party, by whom I hope to be able to send my first reports of my travels and discoveries since leaving the Unyanyembe caravan road.

Beyond this point the whole appears to me so vague and vast that it is impossible to state at this period what I shall try to do next. Whether Gordon circumnavigates the Albert or not, I shall most certainly do so if I reach it, and discover every detail about it to the best of my ability; but what I shall do afterwards will be best told after the circumnavigation of the Albert Nyanza.

HOPE.

What I may discover along this lengthy march I cannot at present imagine. I shall be equally pleased to corroborate either Speke's or Livingstone's hypothesis by actual personal observation and diligent exploration. I confess to you I have no bias either way. I would just as soon have the Victoria lake one vast sheet of water as I would have it distributed among five insignificant lakelets; and I am quite ready to corroborate Baker's dream of a connection between the Tanganyika and the Albert as I am to disprove it, if I find after its exploration that he is incorrect. I have no prejudice either way. Sir Samuel Baker's grand lake, however, is in more danger from Gordon than it is from me; for Gordon ought to be able, if all has gone well with him, to give the result of his decision long, aye, many months, before I can possibly reach the lake. It is fortunate for me that Gordon will be able to visit the Albert before I will, for Baker is so tenacious of his opinions that I fear it would be mere weariness of spirit to attempt to convince him that he was wrong; for which reason I should much prefer to be enabled to prove that his hypothetical sketch map of the Albert Nyanza is correct.

You may rest assured that as I journey along I shall avail myself of every opportunity to send my despatches to the coast, but after I leave the Unyanyembe road the first news you will receive from me will be, I hope, via the Nile.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

STANLEY'S FIFTH LETTER.

LIFE AND SCENES IN ZANZIBAR.

[From the New York Herald of December 26, 1874.]

Zanzibar, East Coast of Africa, *November* 15, 1874.

For the last four or five years the island and town called Zanzibar have been very prominent before the public. The rigorous measures pursued by the British government for the suppression of the slave trade on this coast and the appeals of Livingstone in behalf of the aboriginal African have made Zanzibar a well-known name. Previous to this time it was comparatively unknown — as little known, indeed, as the polysyllabic name by which it is described in the Periplus of Arrian. The mention of Zangnebar, Zanji-bar or, as it is now called, Zanzibar — produced very little interest. Some few people there were who remembered there was such a name in very large characters on the map of the world, occupying a large strip on the east side of Africa, during their schoolboy days, but what that name indicated or comprehended very few knew or cared. They thought that it might be a very wild land, peopled with cannibals and such like, no doubt; for I remember well, when I first returned from Africa, a great number of those kind who frequent clubs and big societies often asked me, "Where the deuce is Zanzibar?" There were people, however, who prospered and grew rich on the ignorance of their white brothers who were so wholly deficient in elementary geographical knowledge. These were the staid old merchants of London, New York, Salem and Hamburg, who had agents living at Zanzibar, who unobtrusively collected precious cargoes of African productions and shipped them home to their employers, who sold them again quietly and unobtrusively to manufacturers at enormous profits. Great sums of money were made for many, many years by these old merchants, until the slave trade question began to be agitated and Livingstone's fate to be a subject of inquiry. Then a committee of the House of Commons held a protracted sitting, sifting every item of information relating to the island and its prospects, its productions and commerce, etc., and the New York Herald despatched a special commissioner in search of Livingstone, one result of whose mission was the publication of the name of Zanzibar far and wide. Captain Burton has also written two large volumes, which bear the conspicuous name of "Zanzibar," in large gold letters, on their backs; but very few of these volumes, I imagine, have found their way among the popular classes. I mean to try in this letter to convey a description of the island, its prince and such subjects as have relation to them, as will suit any mind likely to take an interest in reading it. De Horsey's "African Pilot" describes Zanzibar as being an island forty-six miles in length by eighteen miles in width at its greatest breadth, though its average breadth is not more than from nine to twelve miles. The "African Pilot" and None's "Epitome" place the island in south latitude 6° 27′ 42″, and in east longitude 39° 32 57″, but the combined navigating talent on board Her Britannic Majesty's surveying ship Nassau locates Zanzibar in south latitude 6° 9′ 36″, and east longitude 39° 14′ 43″. Between the island and the mainland runs a channel from twenty to thirty miles in width, well studded with coral islands, sand bars, sand banks and coral reefs.

FIRST APPEARANCE.

The first view the stranger obtains of Zanzibar is of low land covered with verdure. If he has been informed much concerning the fevers which trouble the white traveler in equatorial Africa, he is very likely to be impressed in his own mind that the low land is very suggestive of it, but a nearer view is more pleasing, and serves to dispel much of the vague fear or uneasiness with which he approached the dreaded region of ill-health and sorrow. The wind is gentle and steady which fills the vessel's sails; the temperature of the air is moderate, perhaps at 70° or 75° Fahrenheit; the sky is of one cærulean tint, the sea is not troubled and scarcely rocks the ship, the shore is a mass of vivid green, the feathery fronds of palm trees, and the towering globes of foliage of the mangrove relieve the monotony, while the gleaming white houses of the rich Arabs heighten the growing pleasure with the thought that the "fever may not be so bad as people say it is." Proceeding southward through the channel that separates Zanzibar from the Continent, and hugging the shore of the island, you will many times be gratified by most pleasant tropical scenes, and by a strange fragrance which is borne from the leaf-clad island — a fragrance which may remind you of "Ceylon's spicy isles." With a good glass you will be able to make out first the cocoa palm and the deep, dark green globe of foliage which the mango raises above when the tree is in its prime, the graceful bombax, and the tall tamarind, while numbers of tall, gigantic trees of some kind loom above masses of umbrageous shrubbery. Bits of cultivated land, clusters of huts, solitary tembes, gardens, and large, square, white houses, succeed each other quickly until your attention is attracted by the sight of shipping in the distance, and, near by, growing larger and larger every moment, the city of Zanzibar, the greatest commercial mart on the east coast of Africa, Arrived in the harbor, you will find the ship anchors about 400 yards from the town, close to a few more European ships and perhaps a British man-of-war or two, while a number of queer-looking vessels, which you will style "native," lie huddled between your own vessel and the shore. These native vessels are of various tonnage and size, from the unwieldy Arab trading dhow, with two masts leaning inelegantly and slovenly toward the bows, while the towering after-part reminds you of the pictures of ships in the Spanish Armada, to the lengthy, low and swift-looking mpete, which, when seen going before the wind, seems to be skimming the sea like a huge white sea-gull. Beyond the native fleet of trading Muscat dhows, Kilwa slavers, Pangani wood-carriers and those vessels which carry passengers to the mainland, the town of Zanzibar rises from the beach in a nearly crescent form, white, glaring and unsymmetrical. The narrow tall, white-washed house of the reigning Prince Barghash bin Said, rises almost in the center of the first line of buildings; close to it on the right, as you stand looking at the town from shipboard, is the saluting battery, which numbers some thirty guns or thereabouts ; and right behind rises a mere shell of a dingy old Portuguese fort, which might almost be knocked into pieces by a few rounds from Snider muskets. Close to the water battery is the German consul's house, as neat as clean white-wash can make an Arab building, and next to this house rises the double residence and offices of Her Britannic Majesty's Assistant Political Resident, surmounted by the most ambitious of flagstaffs. Next comes an English merchant's house, and then the buildings occupied by Mr. Augustus Sparhawk, the agent of the great house of John Bertram & Co., of Salem, Mass., and between the English merchant's house and the Bertram agency, in neighborly proximity, is seen the snow-white house of Mr. Frederick M. Cheney, agent of Arnold, Hines & Co., of New York, while beyond all, at the extreme right, in the extreme end of the crescent, on Shangani Point, towers in isolated vastness the English residency, which was formerly the house of Bishop Tozer and his scanty flock of youthful converts. If you start again from that central and prominent point, the palace of his highness, and intend to take a searching view of the salient objects of observation along the sea-front of the town, you will observe that to the left of the water battery are a number of sheds roofed with palm fronds, and that in front of these is about the only thing resembling a wharf visible along the beach. This, you will be told, is the Zanzibar custom-house. There may be a native dhow discharging her cargo, and lines of burly, strong laborers come and go, go and come, continually, bearing to the custom-house bales, packages, ivory tusks and what not, and returning for fresh burdens; while, on the wharf, turbaned Arabs and long-shirted half-castes, either superintend the work or from idle curiosity stand and look on.

THE PALACE OF THE PRINCE OF BARGHASH.

Moving the eye leftward of the custom-house to a building of noble dimensions, you will see that mixture of richness of woodwork and unkempt slovenliness and general untidiness or semi-decay, which attracts the traveler in almost all large Turkish and Arab houses, whether in Turkey, in Egypt or Arabia. This is the new palace of Prince Barghash. The dark brown veranda, with its open lattice-work, interlaced bars of wood, infinitesimal carving — the best work of an Arab artisan — strike one as peculiarly adapted for a glowing climate like this of Zanzibar; but, if the eye surmounts this woodwork, it will find itself shocked at observing the half-finished roof and the seams of light which fall through it, and the dingy whitewash and the semi-ruinous state of the upper part of the structure. A little left of this stand two palatial buildings, which for size dwarf even the British residency. One is the house of Nassur bin Said, the prime minister of his highness; the other is inhabited by the Sultan's harem. Beyond these, large buildings are not many. The compact line of solid buildings becomes broken by unsightly sheds with thatched roofs. This is the Melinde quarter, a place devoted to the sale of fish, fruit, etc., to which new European arrivals are banished to seek residences among the few stone houses to be found there.

MALAGASH INLET.

Beyond Melinde is the shallow Malagash inlet, the cause — I may say the main cause, perhaps the only cause — of the unhealthiness of the town of Zanzibar; and beyond the Malagash inlet extends the country, like a rich, prolific garden, teeming with tropical plants and trees, sloping gently upward as far as the purpling ridges of Ebaysu.

THE LANDING.

Such is Zanzibar and its suburbs to the new arrival, as he attempts to note down his observations from shipboard. Descending the side ladder, he is rowed ashore, and, if he has a letter of introduction, is welcomed by some "noble specimen of a British merchant," or an American merchant of thirty-five or forty years' standing, or a British official, or by one of those indescribables who has found his way into Zanzibar, and who patiently bides for the good time that is reported and believed to be coming; for I find that Zanzibar, instead of attracting the real merchant, has, since my last visit, but changed its European inutiles. When I was here before I met a living specimen of the happy and sanguine Micawber class. He is gone, but another fills his place. One can scarcely dare say anything good of Zanzibar, or of any other place without attracting the wrong class of persons; and, as I am on this topic, I may as well specify what class of persons can be benefited pecuniarily by immigration to Zanzibar

COMMERCIAL OPENINGS.

To an enterprising man of capital Zanzibar and the entire sea line of the Sultan's dominions offer special advantages. A man with a capital of £5,000 might soon make his £20,000 out of it; but not by bringing his capital and his time and health to compete with great, rich mercantile houses of many years' standing and experience, and settling at Zanzibar, vainly attempting to obtain the custom of the natives, who are perfectly contented with their time-honored white friends, when the entire coast line of the mainland invites his attention, his capital, his shrewdness and industry. The new arrival must do precisely what the old merchants did when they commenced business. He must go where there is no rivalry, no competition, if he expects to have a large business and quick returns for his money. He must bring his river steamer of light draught and penetrate the interior by the Rufiji, the Pangani, the Mtwana, or the Jub, and purchase the native product at first cost and resell to the large mercantile houses of Zanzibar or ship home. The copal of the Rufiji plain, accessible, as I know by experience, to a light draught steamer, is now carried on the shoulders of natives to Dar Salaam and Mbuamajii, to be sold to the Banians, who reship it to Zanzibar, and there resell to the European merchant. The ivory Unyamwesi is brought down close to Mbumi Usagara, which is accessible by a light draught steamer by the Wami. The ivory trade of the Masai and the regions north is carried down through a portion of the Pangani valley, and the Pangani for a short distance is also navigable and furnishes a means of enabling the white merchant to overreach his more settled white brothers at Zanzibar. The Jub river, next to the Zambezi, is the largest river on the east coast of Africa, while it is comparatively unknown. Arab caravans penetrate the regions south of it and obtain large quantities of ivory and hides. Why should not the white merchant attempt to open legitimate trade in the same articles by means of the river? When John Bertram, of Salem, Mass., came to Zanzibar, some forty years ago, there was not a single European house here. He was an officer of a whaling vessel when he saw this large town, with its splendid opportunities for commencing a mercantile business. On arriving home he invested the results of his venture in chartering a small vessel with goods such as would meet with a ready sale in Zanzibar. The speculation turned out to be a good one. He repeated it, and then established an agency at Zanzibar, while he himself resided at Salem to conduct the business at home, to receive the cargoes from Zanzibar and ship cloth and other goods to his agency out here. The business which the young whaler started continued to thrive. Agent succeeded agent, as each man went home, after a few years' stay in Zanzibar, to enjoy the fruit of his labors. Boys sent out to Zanzibar to learn the business, became responsible clerks, then head agents, and subsequently opulent merchants; and so on from year to year, until John Bertram can point with noble pride to his own millions and the long list of noble men whom he taught, encouraged, sustained by his advice and enriched. The moral of all this is, that what John Bertram, of Salem, did at Zanzibar, can be done by any large-minded, enterprising Englishman or American on the mainland of Africa. Nay, as there is a larger field on the mainland, and as he can profit by the example of Bertram, he can do more.

HOW THEY LIVE.

Men experienced in the ways of oriental life need not be told in detail how people live in Zanzibar, nor how the town appears within, nor what the Arabs and half-castes and Wangwana know of sanitary laws. Zanzibar is not the best, the cleanest, nor the prettiest town I have ever seen; nor, on the other hand, is it the worst, the filthiest nor the ugliest town. While there is but little to praise or gratify in it, there is a good deal to condemn, and, while you condemn it, you are very likely to feel that the cause for condemnation is irremediable and hopeless. But the European merchants find much that is endurable at Zanzibar. It is not nearly the intolerable place that the smelted rocks of Aden have made Steamer Point, nor has it the parboiling atmosphere of Bushire or Busrah, nor is it cursed by the merciless heat of Ismailia or Port Said. If you expose yourself to the direct rays of the sun of Zanzibar for a considerable time it would be as fatal for you as though you did such an unwise thing on the Aden Isthmus. Within doors, however, life is tolerable — nay, it is luxuriously comfortable. We (I mean Europeans) have numbers of servants to wait on us, to do our smallest bidding. If we need a light for our segars, or our walking cane, or our hats when we go out, we never think of getting these things for ourselves or of doing any thing of which another could relieve us of the necessity of doing. We have only the trouble of telling our servants what to do, and even of this trouble we would gladly be relieved. One great comfort to us out here is that there is no society to compel us to imprison our necks within linen collars, or half strangle ourselves with a silken tie, or to be anxious about any part of our dress. The most indolent of us never think of shifting our night pyjamas until nearly midday. Indeed, we could find it in our hearts to live in them altogether, except that we fear a little chaff from our neighbors.

Another luxury which we enjoy out here, which may not be enjoyed in Europe. What think you of a salt-water bath morning, noon and evening just before dinner? Our servants fill our tubs for us, for our residences stand close to the sea, and it is neither trouble nor expense, if we care at all for the luxury, to undress in the cool room and take a few minutes' sleep in the tub. Though we are but a small colony of whites, we resemble, microscopically, society at home. We have our good men and true and sociable men; we have large-hearted hospitable men, our pig-giving friends, our hail-fellows well met, and perambulating gossips. Our liquors and wines and segars are good, if they are not the best in the world. Some of us, of course, are better connoisseurs in such things than others, and have accordingly contrived to secure the most superior brands. Our houses are large, roomy and cool; we have plenty of servants; we have good fruit on the island; we enjoy health while we have it, and with our tastes, education and national love of refinement, we have contrived to surround ourselves with such luxuries as serve to prolong good health, peace of mind and life, and, Inshallah! shall continue to do so while we stay in Zanzibar. The above is but the frank, outspoken description of himself, as might be given by a dignified and worthy Zanzibar merchant of long standing, of European extraction; and your commissioner will declare that it is as near truth as though the Zanzibar merchant of long standing and experience had written it himself.

THE POPULATION.

Now we have had the Europeans of Zanzibar, their houses and mode and law of life described, let us get into the streets and endeavor to see for ourselves the nature of the native and the Semitic resident, and ascertain how far they differ from the Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-American sublimities.

As we move away toward the Seyyid's palace we gradually become conscious that we have left the muddy streets with their small, narrow gutters, and which re-echoed our footsteps so noisily. The tall houses where the Europeans live, separated by but a narrow street, ten feet wide, shut out the heat and dazzing glare which otherwise the clean whitewashed walls would have reflected. When we leave these behind we come across the hateful glaring sunlight, and our nostrils become irritated by an amber-colored dust, from the "garbling" of copal and orchilla weed, and we are sensible of two separate smells which affect the senses. One is the sweet fragrance of cloves, the other is the odor which a crowd of slaves bearing clove bags exhale from their perspiring bodies. Shortly we come across an irregular square blank in the buildings which had hemmed us in from the sunlight. A fetid garbage heap, débris of mud-houses, sugar-cane leavings, orange and banana peelings, make piles which, festering and rotting in the sun, are unsightly to the eye and offensive to the nostrils. And just by here we see the semi-ruinous Portuguese fort, a most beggarly and dilapidated structure. Several rusty and antique cannon lie strewn along the base of the front wall, and a dozen or so of rusty and beggarly-looking half-castes, armed with long, straight swords and antique Muscat matchlocks, affect to be soldiers and guardians of the gate. Fortunately, however, for the peace of the town and the reigning prince, the prisoners whom the soldiers guard are mild-mannered and gentle enough, few of them having committed a worse crime than participating in a bloodless street brawl or being found intoxicated in the street.

RECEIVED AT COURT.

Passing the noisy and dusty custom-house, with its hives of singing porters at work, and herds of jabbering busybodies, nobodies and somebodies, we shortly arrive at the palace, where we might as well enter, and see how it fares with His Highness Barghash bin Said, the

Prince of Zanzibar and Pemba. As we may have merely made an appointment with him as private citizens of a free and independent foreign country, and are escorted only by a brother citizen of the same rank, etiquette forbids that the Seyyid should descend into the street to receive his visitor. Were we Her Britannic Majesty's consul or political resident his highness would deem it but due to our official rank to descend into the street and meet us exactly twenty-four steps from the palace door. Were we an envoy extraordinary the prince would meet us some fifty or seventy-five paces from his gate. We are but private citizens, however, and the only honor we get is an exhibition of the guards — Belooches, Persians and half-castes — drawn up on each side of the door, their uniforms consisting of lengthy butternut-colored dishdashehs, or shirts which reach from the nape of the neck to the ankles of each.

After we have ascended a flight of steps we discover the prince, ready to receive us, with his usual cordial and frank smile and good natured greeting, and, during a shower of good natured queries respecting our health, we are escorted to the other end of the barely furnished room, where we are invited to be seated.

WHAT THE PRINCE SAID OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

I have had (adopting the first person singular again) a long conversation with the Prince of Zanzibar; but, omitting all extraneous matter, I shall only touch upon such portion of our conversation as relates to a subject in which we are all interested, viz.: — the slave trade and the diplomatic mission of Sir Bartle Frere.

We have all read the dispatches of Sir Bartle, relating his intercourse officially with the Sultan of Zanzibar; we have also heard from his own lips his views upon East African slavery. But none of your readers have heard the story of the Sultan himself, with his views of slavery and of the mission of Sir Bartle Frere. Without pretense of literal and exact record of what the Sultan said, I yet declare that the spirit of what he said will be found embodied in the following:—

"During Majid, my brother's time, Speke came here and traveled into Africa, and what he said about us Arabs caused us a little trouble. The consuls, too, have given us great trouble. Some have written home much that is not quite true; but some time ago my brother Majid died, and by the grace of God I succeeded him. The trouble which my brother Majid endured was as nothing compared to that which has been the result of that man, Dr. Livingstone's letters. I maintain that those letters you brought from him and carried to England were the cause of all this great trouble. Indeed, I have had a troublous time of it ever since I came to the throne. First, there came the hurricane of two years ago (April, 1872) which destroyed my entire fleet and all the ships of my people, and devastated the island and the coast. We were well off before that time, and we became suddenly poor. I had seven ships and steamers of war lost, and my people lost about 200 ships, and if you doubt my word respecting the devastation on the land take one of my horses and ride out into the country that you may see for yourself. In the midst of the desolation and ruin which had overtaken us we heard that the former governor of Bombay, Sir Bartle Frere, was coming out to us to talk to us about the slave trade. Now, you white people must understand that all Arabs trade in slaves, that they have done so from the beginning. Our Koran does not say it is a sin, our priests say nothing against it, the wise men of Mecca say nothing against it; our forefathers traded in slaves, and we followed their footsteps and did likewise. But my father, Said Said, and my brothers, Thouweynee, Majid, and Toorkee, were friends with the English and the English gave them advice and got them to sign treaties not to trade in slaves any more. To the treaty that my brothers signed I gave my consent freely when I came to the throne, for I have always been a friend to the English and to Englishmen.

"When Sir Bartle Frere came here we were in sore distress and very poor. He asked me to sign a treaty that no slave trade should be permitted in my country. When I consulted my chiefs, they held their hands out to me and said, 'We have nothing, we are poor, but if the English will give us time, say a year or so, we are quite willing to sign that which they ask us.' I repeated to Sir Bartle what my chiefs were willing to do, and I asked him to give us time such as they gave the Portuguese; but Sir Bartle, in his hurry to get us to sign the treaty, overlooked the distress we were in from the hurricane. Time and time again I asked that he would give us but a few months to consider and prepare for this final stroke of misfortune, but he would not listen, he was deaf to me. Continually he said to me, 'Sign this treaty.' I was quite willing to sign it, though by signing it I was losing about $20,000 a year revenue; but my people could not understand this haste of Sir Bartle Frere to get the treaty signed without giving us time to think of it. We knew that the English could do what they wanted to do in Zanzibar; if they took the island we were too poor and weak to resist; if they destroyed us all we could not help it. All we could have done would have been to consign our cause to God and submit. Sir Bartle Frere went away angry. I cannot help it, but I grieve that he should be angry with me for what I could not help. One of the things he asked me to give my consent to was that I should assist the English in putting down the slave trade. How can I assist the English? I have no ships as I had formerly, or I would willingly do so.

"Soon after Sir Bartle Frere went away an English fleet came to our harbor. The English admiral (Rear Admiral Arthur Cumming) and Dr. Kirk came to see me about the orders they had received from the foreign office to stop the slave trade. They both advised me as friends to sign the treaty. I got my people's consent to do so, and I signed it, not because I was afraid of the English ships, for, if the English came to Zanzibar and said, 'We want this island,' I would not resist them, for I know that they are strong and I am weak, but because the English admiral and Dr. Kirk advised me as friends, for they knew my poverty and understood my case better than I could have told them."

WILL HE BE REIMBURSED?

Such is the story of the Sultan, without embellishment, and I dare say that Sir Bartle Frere will indorse most of it, if not all. It was a surprise to Sir Bartle's many admirers that his well known diplomatic talents had failed to secure the Sultan's signature to the treaty for the suppression of the slave trade, but with my knowledge of the method which Sir Bartle adopted to secure the sultan's signature I may say now that I no longer wonder at his failure. Small and insignificant as Prince Barghash may be in power and influence, he is yet an independent chief of an independent State, to whom are due all the little courtesies which skillful diplomats are in the habit of using to persons recognized as rulers; consequently the stern, relentless coercion which Sir Bartle's words and manners embodied could not be met in any other way by a man conscious of his dignity as sovereign prince than by a refusal to sign the treaty. The mild manners and suavity of Admiral Cumming, together with the tact and friendly entreaties of Dr. Kirk, however, produced the desired result, leaving us nothing to regret save the failure of Sir Bartle to succeed where he ought to have succeeded, and where he might have succeeded had he possessed his soul with patience. Now, however, that the treaty has been signed and England's indignation at the Seyyid's first refusal to concede to her demands been appeased, strict justice requires that the prince shall in some measure be requited for the concession he made. This is not merely my opinion, nor is it merely my definition of what justice demands in this case; but it is the outspoken and frank declaration of several eminent English gentlemen with whom I have conversed. They say that the prince should be indemnified, for this concession on his part, with some grant of money or aid, in some form or another, for sacrificing to England's views of what is right and wrong an eighth portion of his revenue; that the plea that England may use, that she guaranteed Prince Barghash release from the annual subsidy of 40,000 crowns to his brother at Muscat, cannot be employed at all, as England herself had imposed this sum on the Zanzibar sultan in order that her commerce might not be endangered in the fratricidal war which might ensue on Prince Barghash's refusal to pay this heavy subsidy; and that it is doubtful whether Prince Toorkee could ever summon sufficient force to compel Prince Barghash to pay him a single coin. With which views just men will not fail to agree. The beggarly presents which Sir Bartle Frere and his suite brought to Zanzibar for presentation to the Sultan were unworthy of the nation, which no doubt intended to act generously, of the representative of her Britannic Majesty which conveyed them, and of the prince for whom they were purchased. Well enough, no doubt, for the petty potentate of Jobama, who ultimately received them, but not for the sovereign of Zanzibar and Pemba, and 1,000 miles of coast, with whom a British envoy was charged to negotiate. It is not common sense to suppose that any private citizen would look indulgently upon any proposition which required of him to sacrifice £4,000 a year of his income in consideration of a few paltry presents which did not exceed over a few hundred pounds in value at the most, any more than that Prince Barghash should. Yet this is precisely what Sir Bartle Frere was charged to do by the foreign office in his late mission to Zanzibar. Owing to the losses incurred by him and his people during the hurricane of 1872, and the sacrifice of a large portion of his revenue by the demands of England, the Prince of Zanzibar suffers from straitness of income and ready money. He has leased the customs to Jewram Sujee, a Banian, for a term of years, for a very insufficient sum. He is sorely troubled with the native war in Unyamwezi, which prevents the ivory from arriving at the sea. His private estates are mere wrecks of what they once were, and the real pecuniary condition of Prince Barghash may be summed up as truly deplorable. Now a present of two condemned gunboats or any two vessels of war, such as the admiralty has almost always on hand for sale cheap for cash, would be a godsend to the Sultan of Zanzibar, and a round sum of a few thousands of pounds given to him as a sign of friendship and good will, might obviate, in some measure, the necessity of the large expense which England incurs annually in her laudable endeavors to suppress the slave trade.

There are several ways of regarding such a proposition, but it will not appear surprising to the candid reader, if he reads the above facts dispassionately and without prejudice. It is a good adage that which advises that we should choose the least evil of the two, and everybody will admit that if England could purchase the hearty coöperation of the Zanzibar sultan with a timely and needful present, in the philanthropic scheme which England has so long attempted to enforce on the east African coast, it would be less expensive than supporting a large squadron at an expense of several thousands of pounds per annum. And now that the slave trade is carried on inland it is more necessary than ever that Seyyid Barghash's good will should be secured. Without the aid that England could give the prince I doubt much that, however friendly disposed he may be, he can do any thing to assist in suppressing the trade, for the reasons already given.

A PEN AND INK SKETCH OF HIS HIGHNESS.

Turning again to other topics, I may as well sketch the prince before bowing him my adieu. He is now in the prime of life, probably about forty-two years old, of vigorous and manly frame, and about five feet nine inches in height. He is a frank, cordial and good natured gentleman, with a friendly brusqueness in his manner to all whom he has reason to regard with suspicion. He has an open, generous and very undiplomatic face, slightly touched here and there with traces of small-pox. He dresses plainly, and is not given to ostentation in any way. He wears the usual linen dress of the Arabs, with his waist cinctured by a rich belt of plaited gold, which supports the crooked dagger generally borne by an Arab gentleman. Over his linen dress he wears a long black cloth coat, the edges of which are covered with a narrow gold braid. His headdress is the usual ample turban of the Arab, wound about his head, and completing in his person a somewhat picturesque costume. It would be difficult to choose a prince with whom diplomatic relations could be carried on so easily, provided always that the diplomat remembered that the prince was an Arab and a Moslem gentleman. Politeness will always effect more than rudeness, with Arabian gentlemen. Admiral

Cumming, I feel sure, with his gentle, dispassionate bearing, could effect as much with Seyyid Barghash as Admiral Yelverton's courteous and calm bearing effected with the menacing ruffians of Cartagena. In whatever school of deportment these old British admirals, who, over a steely firmness, wear such courtesy, are brought up, it might be recommended that diplomats charged with delicate negotiations, might be sent to learn lessons of true politeness. There is, however, one phase in Prince Barghash's character which presents a difficulty in dealing with him, and that is his fanaticism. Ever since he undertook the journey to Mecca he has shown himself an extremely fervid Moslem, indisposed to do any thing or attempt any thing not recommended in the Koran. A prince of more liberal religious views might have had an opportunity during the late diplomatic negotiations of permanently bettering himself and people; but Barghash was restrained by his extreme religious scruples from asking any aid of England.

THE MART FOR TRADE.

Continuing our journey through the town of Zanzibar, beyond the sultan's palace, we come to the business quarter of the natives. The spicy smells, intermixed with those of fruit, printed cloth, oils, ghee, peppers, etc., grow stronger as we advance, added to which is the very infragrant odor which is exhaled from the bodies of the naked and unwashed multitude. Flies here congregate in swarms, and settle where they enjoy plentiful repasts. Down into the narrow and crowded alley, flanked by the low palm-roofed sheds where the humble, free and slave populace are engaged in their noisy barter, pours the merciless sunlight, drawing stifling vapors from the filthy and undrained street. Not caring to take more than a hasty glance at any thing under such circumstances, we hasten on through the most wretched alleys and streets, by half ruinous houses which only require to be repaired to be made presentable, and only require the superintendence of sanitary police to make them habitable; by low-roofed and square-pillared mosques and verandas, or burzanis, where squat dusky men and yellow men, kinky and straight-haired men, Arabs and Banians, Hindis and half-castes, each of whom we detect by either his garb or his appearance. And so we proceed by ruins and huts and dunghills, and garbage heaps, and square, dingy white buildings, until we come to the Malagash inlet, over which a bridge leads to a populous suburb and the evergreen country. If we cross the bridge and skirt the opposite bank by a broad, well-trodden path, we will be traveling along the base of a triangle, of which Shangani Point and the British political residency may form the apex. A half hour's walk along this path leads us through ill-kept gardens, where mandioca or manioc (the cassava), Indian corn, and holcus, sesame and millet grow, half shaded by orange and lime, pomegranate and mango-palm and jack trees, until we halt before the white and clean buildings of the English Church mission. We have noted in our short walk that agricultural skill and industry is at a very low ebb, barely fit to be termed by such names, rather a wretched burrowing and shiftless slovenly planting; but the genial soil covers a multitude of defects — sins of indolence and unthriftiness.

THE CHRISTIAN DISPENSATION.

As we have arrived at the English Church mission buildings, what shall I say about the mission except the honest, truthful facts? The Right Rev. Bishop Tozer, "Bishop of Central Africa," in priestly purple and fine linen, is no more to be seen here, and it really appears as if the mission had begun new life, and had begun to lift its head among the useful societies of the world. As yet, I have seen no great increase of converts, but fair promise of future usefulness is visible everywhere. As a friend to the church which has sent this mission out, I was formerly restrained from saying much about it, because I knew very little good of it; and had I not seen the erudite but undignified prelate exhibiting himself in such unusual garb to the gaze of the low rabble of Zanzibar, I would certainly have passed the church mission and its pitiful ways of converting the heathen, in silence. Now, however, I may speak with candor. The great building now known as the British Residency was, in 1871 and 1872, the Episcopal palace and mission-house. After its sale to the English. government, the missionaries removed their school to their country-house, a half mile or so beyond the extremity of Malagash inlet With the money obtained by the sale of the mission-house, the superintendent purchased the old slave market — a vacant area surrounded by mud huts, close to the cattle yards of the Banians and the ooze and stagnant pools of the Malagash. On the site of so much extreme wretchedness and crime the church missionaries have commenced to erect structures which, when completed, may well be styled superb.

These buildings consist of a fine residence, a school and a church, which, with another building, just begun by Lacknindoss, the Banian, will surround an irregular square, in which palms and flowers and fruit trees will be planted. A view from one of the windows of the unfinished residence, gives us a clearer idea of the locality the missionaries have selected, and suggests grave doubts of the wisdom of its selection. Looking at it from a sentimental point of view, the locality is, no doubt, very appropriate, and a certain fitness is also seen in it. The British government denounced the slave trade, and made a grand effort to crush it; and the market for the sale of slaves in old times was purchased by the mission, on which the missionaries erect a church wherein peace and good will and brotherly love will be preached and taught. The neighborhood, also, is one of the most miserable quarters of Zanzibar; but the missionaries convey with them the power to improve, refine and elevate, despite its extreme poverty and misery. It is all very well, we think; but if we look from the windows and examine the character of the ground into which the walls of the building have been sunk, we will see that it is a quagmire, with putrid heaps of cow-dung and circular little pools of sink-water, which permeate through the corrupting soil, and heave up again in globules and bubbles, exhaling the vilest odor that ever irritated the civilized European's nose. And if what we have seen below is not enough to conjure up in the mind a dismal prospect of sickness and pain and sorrow for the unhappy missionaries who may be appointed to live here, the view of the long and broad stretch of black mud, which the shallow waters of the Malagash leave behind them for hours night and day, will certainly do it. It would require the treasury of a government to redeem the ground from its present uninhabitable state. All I can say, however, is that I can only hope that the dismal future suggested by the scenes near the mission buildings may never be realized, and that the worthy missionaries may be prosperous in the new field before them.

Dr. Steere, lately consecrated Bishop of Central Africa, is about to arrive here, as successor of Bishop Tozer. If report speaks correctly, he is about to establish mission buildings near Lake Nyassa, in which case he will have the hearty sympathy and support of every good man; and, did Livingstone live, Bishop Steere would depart with his blessings and best wishes for success. The very name of Bishop Steere suggests success. He is a practical and an indefatigably industrious man. He is devoid of bigotry, but while devoted to his church he does not neglect the great fact that conversion of the heathen means more than the mere teaching of the formula of the Church of England. In short, he is a fit leader, because of his plain, practical good sense, his industry, his intellectual acquirements and religion for the new Christian mission, and I heartily congratulate the board of the church mission for their selection and choice of such a man. While we are almost certain that Bishop Steere will be able to show results worthy of him, it is absolutely necessary for the cause of religion throughout Africa that he should be properly supported by his friends at home. There must be no niggard supplies sent to him, for the establishment of such a mission as will insure success requires considerable resources, and the church mission should this time make a supreme effort worthy of their great church.

A Ride to Elaysu — The Blooming Garden of the Land.

From the English mission to the country is but a step, and before closing this letter we should like to ask the reader to accompany us as far as the ridges of Elaysu. The path which we choose lies through cultivated tracts and groves of fruit trees which stretch on either side of it, thickening as they recede, and growing intensely deep and umbrageous, even to the depth and intensity of a forest. We note the sad effects of the hurricane in the prostrate and fast rotting trunks of the cocoanut palm, and the vast number of palms which lean from the perpendicular, and threaten before long to also fall. We note these things with a good deal of pity for the country, the people, and the poor unfortunate prince, and we also think what a beautiful and happy isle this isle of Zanzibar might be made under a wise and cultivated ruler. If such a change as is now visible in Mauritius, with all its peaks and mountains and miles of rugged ground, can be made, what might not be made of Zanzibar, where there are no mountains, nor peaks, nor rugged ground, but gentle undulations and low ridges eternally clothed in summer-green verdure. At every point, at every spot, you see something improvable, something that might be made very much better than it now is. And so we ride on with such reflections, which reflections are somewhat assisted, no doubt, by the ever-crooked path which darts toward all points of the compass in sudden and abrupt crookedness. But the land and the trees are always beautiful and always tropical. Palms and orange trees are everywhere, with a large number of plaintains, mangoes and jack-fruit trees; the sugar-cane is neighbor to the Indian corn, the cassava is side by side with the holcus sorghum, and there is a profusion of verdure and fruit and grain wherever we turn our eyes.

And shortly we arrive at the most picturesque spot on the island of Zanzibar — Elaysu or Ulayzu — as some call it — every inch of which, if the island were in the possession of the white man, would be worth a hundred times more than it is now, from its commanding elevation, from the charming views of sea and land and town its summit presents, for its healthiness, its neighborhood to town, since it is but five or six miles off. What cosy, lovable, pretty cottages might be built on the ridge of Elaysu, amid palms and neversere foliage, amid flowers and carol of birds, amid shades of orange and mango trees! How white men and white women would love to dream on verandas, with open eyes, of their far away homes, made far pleasanter by distance and memory, while palms waved and rustled to gentle evening breezes, and the sun descended to the west amid clouds of all colors. Yes, Elaysu is beautiful, and the receding ridges, with their precipitous ravines, fringed with trees and vegetation, are extremely picturesque, and some short bits of scenery which we view across the white glaring bars of sunlight are perfectly idylic in their modest beauty. But much as I would be pleased to dilate on this and that view to you, with all the varying tints and shadows, gleaming brightness and soft twilight, unsurpassed tropical scenes and continuous groves of trees, I am constrained for want of space to refuse. As we turn our horses' heads around to return, we view the town and harbor of Zanzibar charmingly somnolent in the pale gray haze through which they are seen, representing but too fitly, in that dreamy state in which we imagine them, the lassitude and indifference of the people of Zanzibar.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

STANLEY'S SIXTH LETTER.

THE MARCH TO USAGARA.

[From the New York Herald of March 1, 1875.]

DISTRICT OF MPWAPWA, COUNTRY OF USAGARA, *Dec.*, 13, 1874.

Uncouth as the name of the district and the cluster of villages whence I date my letter may appear in writing, it is not at all discordant to the ear. Nay, the sweet voice of a Msagara damsel can even give it a pleasant sound, and, as near as I can make it, it ought to be written Mbambwa.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

I can hardly describe my feelings as I revisited this spot after an absence of two years. I first experienced a sharp throb of regret as I recollected that it was the scene of the death of my Scotch assistant, William Farquhar, who perished here in 1871, and as I cast my eyes toward the west over the sere expanse and autumnal leafage of miles and miles of undulating plain, I verily believe that my next feeling was one of sorrowful foreboding at the momentary suggestion that perhaps one, if not all, of the white men on this expedition might find similar unhonored graves in this strange land. These feelings were not of long duration, however, for the cheery voices of the guides were heard loudly proclaiming that we were approaching Mpwapwa, and the view of high towering mountains, slopes all green with wide shadowing mimosa and tamarind, hollows dark with the verdant globes of foliage of sycamores, and the broad bed of the Mpwapwa stream, washed with crystal water, dispelled evil presentiments and all melancholy prognostications. Thoughts of misfortune and dark days to come fled like a sick man's fancies before the spring coloring of noble mountains and the refreshing verdure of well-watered slopes.

CONSOLATION.

Honestly, no man has less right to begin a letter in this strain than I have; for no man, however lucky his star may be, has more right to be proud and happy and cheerful than I have this day. For I have had an unprecedently successful march from the Indian Ocean, and surprisingly favorable influences have attended the expedition ever since we left Zanzibar. Nothing of the blight and misfortune that I predicted in my last letter from Zanzibar, nothing whatever of the vexatious delays, frequent desertions, half-hearted conduct of the armed escort, and various annoyances I surmised would befall us. On the contrary, we have arrived at the "half-way house" to Unyamwezi in an incredibly short time, as I will presently show you. We have suffered less sickness, less trouble, and, altogether, have had more good fortune than any expedition which ever came into Africa.

THE MARCH.

The expedition left Bagamoyo on the seventeenth of November, and arrived here yesterday, the twelfth day December, which makes a period of only twenty-five days! This fact, stated thus briefly, might not surprise those uninitiated with the usual time required for this march; but if I state that on my expedition in search of Livingstone, the same march occupied me fifty-seven days, and that it occupied Lieutenant Cameron's party four months, even the most superficial reader will not fail to perceive that I have every reason to be devoutly grateful and extremely cheerful. And, while considering this rate of speedy marching, it must be remembered that this is a very large expedition, bearing such cumbersome things as the pontoon Livingstone and the cedar boat Lady Alice, and that since leaving the coast we have been traveling along an entirely new route, much north of any yet adopted.

QUICK TIME.

Though I may look now with pleased expression on the distance traversed so speedily, as auguring well for the further prosecution of the march to the unknown lands north, and thence to the Nile sources, the day we left Zanzibar, with its wild disorder, did not promise much success. Nearly every member of the expeditionary force was either drunk, tipsy or elevated, or, as some would say, "a little the 'better' for the liquor." Many were absent from muster, and a few had deserted with their advance. I consoled myself with thinking, as I noticed the confusion and insolence of some of the most inebriated, "All right, my sable gentlemen; to-day is your day; to-morrow the reign of discipline and order begins."

STRICT DISCIPLINE A POSITIVE NECESSITY — DEMORALIZATIONS UNDER THE SUN.

After disembarking at Bagamoyo matters were not mended. The men had not as yet, expended all their advance, and the consequence was that they betook themselves into the vile liquor shops of the Goanese at Bagamoyo, and after brutalizing themselves with the fire-water retailed there, they took to swaggering through the streets, proclaiming that they were white men's soldiers, maltreating women, breaking into shops and smashing crockery, some even drawing knives on the peaceable citizens, and in other ways indulging their worst passions.

Of course, as long as I remained at Bagamoyo, this state of things would continue; a few might be arrested and severely punished, but it would be too great a task to watch about 300 such men scattered about the houses of so large a town as Bagamoyo. I was so engrossed with the novel duties of suppressing turbulence and debauchery that I had not much time left for anything else. On the fifth day, however, after arriving at Bagamoyo, the bugle announced the march, and, although we had some trouble in collecting the laggards, by 9 A. M., the last man had left the town.

AT SHAMBA GONERA,

my former first camp, the men manifested a disposition to stop, in order to make " one more night of it " at Bagamoyo; but by this time, as you may imagine, I had had enough of such scenes, and they were bodily driven on by the armed guard, not without considerable violence. Arriving at the Kingani river, the sections of the Lady Alice were screwed together, and her powers of transportation and efficiency were here well tested. I ascertained that the utmost she could bear in ferrying across the river were thirty men and thirty bales of cloth, or the weight of three tons, which was perfectly satisfactory to me. The Livingstone pontoon was not uncovered, as the Lady Alice proved expeditious enough in transporting the force across the river. When the ferriage was completed we resumed the journey, and long before sunset we encamped at Kikoka.

THE INTEMPERATE MEN BREAK DOWN.

The intense heat of the Kingani plains, lying on either side, told severely on those men who were unaccustomed to traveling in Africa, and who had indulged their vicious propensities at Zanzibar and Bagamoyo before departure, which compelled us to remain a day at

Kikoka. I had, however, taken the precaution to leave a strong guard at the river to prevent the men from returning to Bagamoyo, and another on the hills between Bagamoyo and the Kingani plain, on the eastern side of the river, for a similar purpose.

A LETTER FROM THE GOVERNOR.

During the afternoon of this day, as I was preparing my last letters, I was rather surprised at a visit paid me in my camp from a party of the sultan's soldiers, the chief of whom bore a letter from the Governor of Bagamoyo, wherein he complained that my people had induced about fifteen women to abandon their masters.

On mustering the people and inquiring into their domestic affairs it was discovered that a large number of women had indeed joined the expedition during the night. Most of them, however, bore free papers accorded to them by the political agent at Zanzibar; but eleven were by their own confessions, runaway slaves. After being hospitably received by the Sultan of Zanzibar and the Arabs it was no part of a stranger's duty, unless authorized by some government likely to abide by its agent's actions, to countenance such a novel mode of liberating the slaves. The order was therefore given that these women should return with the sultan's soldiers; but, as this did not agree with either the views of the women themselves or their abductors, the females set up a determined defiance to the order, and the males seized their Snider rifles, vowing that they should not return. As such a disposition and demonstration of hostility was not politic nor calculated to deserve my esteem, or to win for me the Arab's good will, this disposition was summarily suppressed and the women returned to their masters.

CASTOR AND CAPTAIN.

The first victim on this expedition has been the noble mastiff Castor, presented to me by the Baroness Burdett Coutts, who died between the Kingani and Kikoka, from heat apoplexy. The second was the mastiff dog Captain, a very fine though ferocious animal, who died a few days after. I have still three dogs, the retriever Nero, the undaunted bulldog Bull and a well bred bull terrier Jack, who so far have borne the fatigues of the march very well, though the latter is considerably exercised in his mind by the numbers of grasshoppers he meets in the country while *en route*.

ON THE SOUTHERN BANK OF THE WAMI.

Our course since leaving Rosako has been mainly north-west, until approaching Mpwapwa we traveled due west. For several days we journeyed along the southern bank of the Wami river, making the discovery that the Wami can never be navigable during the dry season, as its channel for many miles is choked with granite bowlders. During the rainy season very large crafts could ascend as far as the Usagara mountains; there is a rise of over sixteen feet in the river. On crossing the Wami we entered Nguru, which is north of Usegubba, a country studded with tall peaks and mountains, the highest of which is a truncated cone, Mount Kidudwe, having an altitude of about 12,000 feet above the sea. As we journeyed through Nguru we crossed the several tributaries of the Wami which are the Mwehweh the Mkindo, the Myomero, the Usingwe, the Rudewa and Mukondokwa.

IN NORTHERN USAGARA.

From Nguru we entered Northern Usagara, over ground which the aneroids indicated was 4,475 feet above sea level. Then we descended into lower ground about 3,400 feet above sea level until we came to Mpwapwa, which I have ascertained has an altitude, according to boiling point and two barometers, of 3,575 feet.

Three days from here we crossed three tributaries of some river flowing east, north of the Wami, which may probably be the Pangani.

SCIENTIFIC OBSERVATIONS.

The most extreme north which we reached on our journey here from the coast has been south latitude 5° 40′ which I ascertained by taking double altitudes. This was at the village of Kitangeh.

We intend to prosecute our journey to-morrow, but before leaving the Unyanyembe road for the land of discoveries and the sources of the Nile, which I am eager to reach, I will drop you a short letter informing you of our march through inhospitable Ugogo.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

P. S.—I have omitted to state that the white men, Edward and Francis Pocock and Fred Barker, are enjoying excellent health and spirits. The three have gone through their seasoning fevers without much trouble.

STANLEY'S SEVENTH LETTER.

THE MARCH FROM USAGARA TO THE VICTORIA NIYANZA AND HARD FIGHTING.

[From the New York Herald of October 11, 1875.

Village of Kagehyi, District of Uchambi, Usukuma,
on the Victoria Niyanza, *March* 1, 1875.

The second part of the programme laid before me as commander of the Anglo-American Press Expedition to perform, ended successfully at noon on the 27th February, 1875. The great lake first discovered by Captain Speke, the Victoria Niyanza, was sighted and reached by us on that day; and it is with the feeling of the most devout gratitude to Almighty God for preserving us, amid manifold perils that I write these lines.

It seems an age since we departed from Mpwapwa, Usagara, whence I despatched my last letter to you. We have experienced so much, seen and suffered so much,. that I have to recapitulate carefully in my memory and turn to my note book often to refresh my recollections of even the principal events of this most long, arduous and eventful march to the Victoria Niyanza.

I promised you in my last letter that I would depart as soon as practicable from the old route to Unyanyembe, which is now so well known, and would, like the patriarch Livingstone, strike out a new line to unknown lands. I did so, but in our adventurous journey north I imperilled the expedition and almost brought it to an untimely end, which, happily for me, for you and for geographers, a kindly Providence averted.

Vicissitudes of Travel

On leaving Mpwapwa we edged northward across the desert of the Marenga Mkali, or the Bilber water, leaving the vain chief of Mbumi far to the south, and traversed northern Ugogo with the usual success attending travelers in southern Ugogo. The chiefs practiced the usual arts to fleece us of property and blackmailed us at every opportunity. Now, we met chiefs more amiably disposed toward strangers to pay heavier tribute in other chiefs' lands. We crossed broad and bleak plains, where food was scarce and cloth vanished fast, to enter hilly districts where food was abundant, the people civil and the chiefs kind. We traversed troublesome districts, where wars and rumors of wars were rife, the people treacherous and hostile, to enter countries lying at the mercy of the ferocious Wahumba on the north, and the Wahebe to the south. Thus good and evil fortune alternated during our travels through Ugogo, an epitome in brief of our after experiences. Furious rainy tempests accompanied us each day, and some days both nature and man warred against us, while on other days both seemed combined to bless us. Under our adverse fates the expedition seemed to melt away; men died from fatigue and famine, many were left behind sick, while many, again, deserted. Promises of reward, kindness, threats, punishments, had no effect. The expedition seemed doomed.

HEROIC ENGLISHMEN.

The white men, though selected out of the ordinary class of Englishmen, did their work bravely; nay, I may say, heroically. Though suffering from fever and dysentery, insulted by natives, marching under the heat and equatorial rain storms, they at all times proved themselves of noble, manful natures, stout-hearted, brave men, and — better than all — true Christians. Unrepining they bore their hard fate and worse fare; resignedly they endured their arduous troubles, cheerfully performed their allotted duties, and at all times commended themselves to my good opinion.

The western frontier of Ugogo was reached on the last day of 1874. We rested two days, and thence struck direct north, along an almost level plain, which some said extended as far as Niyanza. We found by questioning the natives that we were also traveling along the western extremity of Whunba, which we were glad to hear, as we fondly hoped that our march would be less molested.

Two days' march north brought us to the confines of Usandawi, a country famous for elephants; but here our route inclined north-west, and we entered Ukimbu or Uyanzi, at its north-eastern extremity.

FAITHLESS GUIDES.

We had hired guides in Ugogo to take us as far as Iramba; but at Muhalala, in Ukimbu, they deserted. Fresh guides were engaged at Muhalala, who took us one day's march farther north-west, but at night they also deserted, and in the morning we were left on the edge of a wide wilderness without a guide. On the roads the previous day the guides had informed us that three days' march would bring us to Urimi, and relying on the truth of the report, I had purchased two days' provisions, so that this second desertion did not much disconcert us nor raise any suspicion, though it elicited many unpleasant remarks about the treachery of the Wagogo. We, therefore, continued our march, but on the morning of the second day the narrow, ill-defined track which we had followed became lost in a labyrinth of elephant and rhinoceros trails. The best men were dispatched in all directions to seek out the lost road, but they were all unsuccessful, and we had no resource left but the compass. The day brought us into a dense jungle of acacia and euphorbias, among which we had literally to push our way through by scrambling, crawling along the ground under natural tunnels of embracing shrubbery, cutting the convolvuli and creepers, thrusting aside stout thorny bushes, and, by various detours, taking advantage of every slight opening the jungle afforded, which naturally lengthened our journey and protracted our stay in the wilderness. On the evening of the third day the first death in the wilderness occurred.

Hunger and Thirst.

The fourth day's march lasted nearly the whole day, though we made but fourteen miles, and was three-fold more arduous than that of the preceding day. Not a drop of water was discovered during the march, and the weaker people, laboring under their loads, hunger and thirst, lagged behind the vanguard many miles, which caused the rear guard, under two of the white men, much suffering. As the rear guard advanced they shouldered the loads of the weaker men, and endeavored to encourage them to resume the march. Some of these men were enabled to reach the camp, where their necessities were relieved by medicine and restoratives. But five men strayed from the path which the passing expedition had made, and were never seen alive again. Scouts sent out to explore the woods found one dead about a mile from the road; the others must have hopelessly wandered on until they also fell down and died.

The fifth day brought us to a small village, lately erected, called Uveriveri, the population of which consisted of four men, their wives and little ones. These people had not a grain of food to spare. Most of the men of our expedition were unable to move for hunger and fatigue. In this dire extremity I ordered a halt and selected twenty of the strongest men to proceed to Suna, twenty-nine miles north-west from Uveriveri, to purchase food. In the interval I explored the woods in search of game, but the search was fruitless, though one of my men discovered a lion's den and brought me two young lions, which I killed and skinned.

Returning to camp from my fruitless hunt I was so struck with the pinched faces of my poor people that I would have wept heartily could I have done so without exciting fear of our fate in their minds, and I resolved to do something toward relieving the pressing needs of fierce hunger.

Making Gruel in a Trunk.

To effect this a sheet-iron trunk was emptied of its contents, and being filled with water was placed on the fire. I then broke open our medical stores and took five pounds of Scotch oatmeal and three tins of revalenta arabica, with which I made gruel to feed over 200 men. Oh, it was a rare sight to see these poor famine-stricken people hasten to that Torquay dress-trunk and assist me to cook that huge pot of gruel, to see them fan the fire to a fiercer heat, and, with their gourds full of water, stand by to cool the foaming liquid when it threatened to overflow; and it was a still more rare sight to watch the pleasure steal over their faces as they drank the generous food. The sick and weaker ones received a larger portion near my tent, and another tin of oatmeal was opened for their supper and breakfast. But a long time must elapse before I shall have the courage to describe my feelings during the interval I waited for the return of my people from Suna with food, and fruitless would be the attempt to describe the anxiety with which I listened for the musketry announcing their success.

Timely Relief.

After forty-eight hours' waiting we heard the joyful sounds, which woke us all into new life and vigor. The food was most greedily seized by the hungry people, and so animating was the report of the food purveyors that the soldiers, one and all, clamored to be led away that afternoon. Nowise loth myself to march away from this fatal jungle, I assented; but two more poor fellows breathed their last before we left camp.

We camped that night at the base of a rocky hill, overlooking a broad plain, which, after the intense gloom and confined atmosphere of the jungle, was a great pleasure to us, and next day striking north along this plain, after a long march under a fervid sun of twenty miles, reached the district of Suna, in Urimi.

A STRANGE PEOPLE.

In Urimi, at Suna, we discovered a people remarkable for their manly beauty, noble proportions and nakedness. Neither man nor boy had either cloth or skins to cover their nudity; the women bearing children only boasted of goat skins. With all their physical beauty and fine proportions, they were the most suspicious people we had yet seen. It required great tact and patience to induce them to part with food for our cloth and beads. They owned no chief, but respected the injunctions of their elders, with whom I treated for permission to pass through their land. The permission was reluctantly given, and food was begrudgingly sold, but we bore with this silent hostility patiently, and I took great care that no overt act on the part of the expedition should change this suspicion into hatred.

Our people were so worn out with fatigue that six more poor fellows died here, and the sick list numbered thirty. Here, also, Edward Pocock fell seriously ill of typhoid fever. For his sake, as well as for the other sufferers, *I halted in Suna four days;* but it was too evident that the longer we stayed in their country the natives regarded us with less favor, and it was incumbent on us to move, though much against my inclination. There were many grave reasons why we should have halted several days longer, for Edward Pocock was daily getting worse, and the sick list increased alarmingly; dysentery, diarrhœa, chest diseases, sore feet, tasked my medical knowledge to the utmost; but prudence forbade it. The rear guard and captains of the expedition were, therefore, compelled to do the work of carriers, and every soldier, for the time being, was converted into a *pagazi*, or porter. Pocock was put into a hammock, the sick and weakly were encouraged to do their utmost to move on with the expedition to more auspicious lands, where the natives were less suspicious, where food was more abundant, and where cattle were numerous. Imbued with this hope, the expedition resumed its march across the clear, open and well cultivated country of Urimi.

POCOCK BREATHES HIS LAST.

We reached Chiwyu about ten o'clock, after a short march, and here the young Englishman, Edward Pocock, breathed his last, to the great grief of us all. According to two rated pedometers we had finished the 400th mile of our march from the sea, and had reached the base of the watershed whence the trickling streams and infant waters begin to flow Nileward, when this noble young man died.

We buried him at night, and a cross cut deep into a tree marks his last resting place at Chiwyu.

The farther we traveled north we became still more assured that we had arrived in the dewy land whence the extreme southern springs, rivulets and streams discharge their waters into the Nile. From a high ridge overlooking a vast extent of country the story of their course was plainly written in the deep depressions and hollows trending northward and north-westward, and as we noted these signs of the incipient Nile we cherished the darling hope that before long we should gaze, with gladdened eyes, on the mighty reservoir which collected these waters, which purled and rippled at our feet, into its broad bosom, to discharge them, in one vast body, into the White Nile.

From Chiwyu we journeyed two days through Urimi to Managara, where Kaif Halleck — the carrier of Kirk's letter bag to Livingstone, whom I compelled to accompany me to Ujiji in 1871 — was brutally murdered. He had been suffering from asthma, and I had permitted him to follow the expedition slowly, the rear guard being all employed as carriers because of the heavy sick list, when he was waylaid by the natives and hacked to pieces. This was the first overt act of hostility on the part of the Warimi. Unable to fix the crime on any particular village, we resumed our journey, and entered Iturn, a district of northern Urimi, on the twenty-first of January.

THE LEEWUMBU RIVER.

The village near which we camped was called Vinyata, and was situated in a broad and populous valley, containing, probably, some 2,000 or 3,000 souls. Here we discovered the river which received all the streams that flowed between Vinyata and Chiwyu. It is called here Leewumbu, and its flow from this valley was west. Even in the dry season it is a considerable stream, some twenty feet in width and about two feet deep, but in the rainy season it becomes a deep and formidable river.

The natives received us coldly, but as we were but two day's journey from Iramba I redoubled my exertions to conciliate the surly suspicious people, and that evening my efforts seemed crowned with success, for they brought milk, eggs and chickens to me for sale, for which I parted freely with cloth. The fame of my liberality reached the ears of the great man of the valley, the magic doctor, who, in the absence of a recognized king, is treated with the deference and respect due to royalty by the natives. This important personage brought me a fat ox on the second day of my arrival at Vinyata, and in exchange received double its value in cloth and beads, and a rich present was bestowed upon his brother and his son. The great man begged for the heart of the slaughtered ox, which was freely given him, and other requests were likewise honored by prompt gifts.

We had been compelled to take advantage of the fine sun which shone this day to dry the bales and goods, and I noticed, though without misgiving, that the natives eyed them greedily. The morning of the third day the magic doctor returned again to camp to beg for some more beads to make brotherhood with him. To this, after some slight show of reluctance to give too much, I assented, and he departed apparently pleased.

THE WAR CRY OF THE WATURU.

Half an hour afterward the war cry of the Waturu was heard responding through each of the 200 villages of the valley of the Leewumbu. The war cry was similar to that of the Wagogo, and phonetically it might be spelt "hehu, a hehu," the latter syllables drawn out in a prolonged cry, thrilling and loud. As we had heard the Wagogo sound the war notes upon every slight apparition of strangers we imagined that the warriors of Ituru were summoned to contend against some marauders like the warlike Mirambo or some other malcontent neighbors, and, nothing disturbed by it, we pursued our various avocations, like peaceful beings, fresh from our new brotherhood with the elders of Ituru. Some of our men were gone out to the neighboring pool to draw water for their respective messes, others were gone to cut wood, others were about starting to purchase food, when suddenly we saw the outskirts of the camp darkened by about 100 natives in full war costume. Feathers of the bustard, the eagle and the kite waved above their heads, or the mane of the zebra and the giraffe encircled their brows; their left hands held their bows and arrows, while their right bore their spears.

This hostile presence naturally alarmed us, for what had we done to occasion disturbance or war? Remembering the pacific bearing of Livingstone when he and I were menaced by the cannibal Wabembe, I gave orders that none should leave camp until we should ascertain what this warlike appearance meant, and that none should, by any demonstration, provoke the natives. While we waited to see what the Waturu intended to do, their number increased ten-fold and every bush and tree hid a warrior.

THE CAMP SURROUNDED.

Our camp was situated on the edge of a broad wilderness, which extended westward many days' march; but to the north, east and south, nothing was seen but villages and cultivated ground, which, with the careless mode of agriculture in vogue among savages, contained acres of dwarf shubbery; but I doubt whether throughout this valley a better locality for a camp could have been selected than the one we had chosen. Fifty or sixty yards around us was open ground so that we had the advantage of light to prevent the approach of any enemy unseen. A slight fence of brush served to screen our numbers from those without the camp, but, having had no occasion to suspect hostilities, it was but ill to shield us from attack.

When the Watura were so numerous in our vicinity that it was no longer doubtful that they were summoned to fight us, I despatched a young man who knew their language to ascertain their intention. As he advanced towards them six or seven warriors drew near to talk with him. When he returned he informed us that one of our men had stolen some milk and butter from a small village and that we must pay for it in cloth. The messenger was sent back to tell them that white men did not come to their country to rob or quarrel; that they had but to name the price of what was stolen to be paid at once, and that not one grain of corn or millet-seed should be appropriated by us wrongfully. Upon this the principal warriors drew nearer, until we could hear their voices plainly, though we did not understand the nature of the conversation. The messenger informed us that the elders demanded four yards of sheeting, which was about six times the value of the stolen articles; but at such time it was useless to haggle over such a demand, and the cloth was paid. When it was given to them the elders said they were satisfied, and withdrew.

HOSTILITIES BEGUN.

But it was evident that though the elders were satisfied the warriors were not, as they could be seen hurrying by scores from all parts of the valley and gesticulating violently in crowds. Still we waited patiently, hoping that if the elders and principal warriors were really amicably disposed toward us, their voices would prevail, and that they would be able to assuage the wild passions which now seemed to animate the others. As we watched them we noted that about 200 detached themselves from the gesticulating crowds east of the camp and were hurrying to the thick bush west of us. Soon afterward one of my men returned from that direction bleeding profusely from the face and arm, and reported that he and a youth named Sulieman were out collecting fire-wood when they were attacked by a large crowd of savages, who were hidden in the bush. A knobstick had crushed his nose and a spear had severely wounded him in the arm, but he had managed to escape, while Sulieman was killed, a dozen spears having been plunged into his back.

This report and the appearance of the bleeding youth so excited the soldiers of the expedition that they were only with the utmost difficulty restrained from beginning a battle at once. Even yet I hoped that war might be prevented by a little diplomacy, while I did not forget to open the ammunition boxes and prepare for the worst. But much was to be done. The enclosure of the camp required to be built up, and something of a fortification was needed to repel the attack of such a large force. While we were thus preparing without ostentation to defend ourselves from what I conceived to be an imminent attack, the Waturu, now a declared enemy, advanced upon the camp, and a shower of arrows fell all around us. Sixty soldiers, held in readiness, were at once ordered to deploy in front of the camp, fifty yards off, and the Waugnana, or free men of Zanzibar, obedient to the command, rushed out of the camp, and the battle commenced.

FORTIFYING THE CAMP.

Immediately after these, sixty men with axes were ordered to cut bushes and raise a high fence of thorn around the camp, while twenty more were ordered to raise lofty platforms within, like towers, for sharpshooters. We busied ourselves in bringing the sections of the Lady Alice to make a central camp for a last resistance and otherwise strengthening the defenses. Every one worked with a will, and while the firing of the skirmishers, growing more distant, announced that the enemy was withdrawing from the attack, we were left to work unmolested. When the camp was prepared I ordered the bugler to sound the retreat, in order that the savages might have time to consider whether it was politic for them to renew the fight.

When the skirmishers returned they announced that fifteen of the enemy were killed, while a great many more were wounded and borne off by their friends. They had all distinguished themselves — even "Bull" the British bulldog, had seized one of the Watura by the leg and had given him a taste of the power of the English canines of his breed before the poor savage was mercifully despatched by a Snider bullet.

We rested that day from further trouble, and the next morning we waited events until nine o'clock, when the enemy appeared in greater force than ever, having summoned their neighbors all about them to assist them (I felt assured now) in our ruin.

FIGHTING RENEWED.

But, though we were slow to war with people whom I thought might be made friends the previous day, we were not slow to continue fighting if the natives were determined to fight. Accordingly I selected four experienced men to lead four several detachments, and gave orders that they should march in different directions through the valley and meet at some high rocks distant five miles off; that they should seize upon all cattle and burn every village as soon as taken. Obedient to the command they sallied out of the camp and began the second day's fight.

They were soon vigorously engaged with the enemy, who fled fast and furious before them to an open plain on the banks of the Leewumbu. The detachment under Farjalla Christie became too excited, and because the enemy ran imagined that they had but to show themselves to cause the natives to fly; but once on the plain — having drawn them away isolated miles from any succor — they turned upon them and slaughtered the detachment to a man, except the messenger, who had been detailed to accompany the detachment to report success or failure. I had taken the precaution to send one swift-footed man to accompany each detachment for this purpose. This messenger came from Farjalla to procure assistance, which was at once dispatched though too late to aid the unfortunate men, but not too late to save the second detachment from a like fate, as the victorious enemy, after slaughtering the first detachment, had turned upon the second with the evident intention to cut the entire force opposed to them in detail. When the support arrived they found the second detachment all but lost. Two soldiers were killed. The captain, Ferahan, had a deep spear wound in his side. The others were hemmed in on all sides. A volley was poured into the rear of the astonished enemy, and the detachment was saved. With their combined forces our people poured a second volley, and continued their march almost unopposed to the northern and eastern extremity of the valley. Meanwhile, smoke was seen issuing from the south and south-east, informing us that the third and fourth detachments were pursuing their way victoriously, and soon a score or more of villages were enwrapped in dense volumes of smoke. Even at a distance of eight miles we beheld burning villages, and shortly after fired settlements to the north and east announced our victory on all sides.

Toward evening the soldiers returned, bringing cattle and an abundance of grain to the camp; but when the muster-roll was called I found I had lost twenty-one men, who had been killed, while thirty-five deaths of the enemy were reported.

THE THIRD DAY'S BATTLE.

The third day we began the battle with sixty good men, who received instructions to proceed to the extreme length of the valley and burn what had been left the previous day. These came to a strong and large village on the north-east, which, after a slight resistance, they entered, and, loading themselves with grain, set on fire. Long before noon it was clearly seen that the savages had had enough of war and were demoralized, and our people returned through the now silent and blackened valley without molestation.

Just before daybreak on the fourth day we left our camp and continued our journey north-west, with provisions sufficient to last us six days, leaving the people of Iturn to ponder on the harsh fate they had drawn on themselves by their greed, treachery, and wanton murder and attack on peaceful strangers.

We were still a formidable force, strong in numbers, guns and property, though, for an expedition destined to explore so many thousands of miles of new countries, we had suffered severely. I had left the coast with over 300 men; but when I numbered the expedition at Mgongo Tembo, in Iramba, which we reached three days after departing from the scene of our war, I found that I had but 194 men left. Thus, in less than three months, I had lost, by dysentery, famine, heart disease, desertion and war, over 125 men, natives of Africa, and one European.

IRREPARABLE LOSSES.

I have not time — for my work is but beginning — to relate a tithe of our adventures, or how we suffered. You can better imagine our perils, our novel and strange fortunes, if you reflect on the loss of 126 men out of such an expedition. Such a loss even in a strong regiment would be deemed almost a calamity. What name will you give such a loss when you cannot recruit your numbers, where every man that dies is a loss that cannot be repaired; when your work, which is to last years, is but beginning: where, each morning, you say to yourself, "This day may be your last?"

On entering Iramba we found that the natives called out against all strangers, "Mirambo and his robbers are coming." But a vast amount of patience and suave language saved us from the doom that threatens this now famous chieftain. Despite, however, all medicines and magic arts that have been made and practiced as yet, Mirambo lives. He seems to make war upon all mankind in this portion of the African interior, and appears to be possessed of ubiquitous powers. We heard of him advancing upon the natives in northern Ugogo; Ukimbu was terror-stricken at his name; the people at Unyanyembe were still fighting him, and here in Iramba he has been met and fought, and is again expected.

As we journeyed on through Iramba and entered Usukuma his fame increased, for we were now drawing near some of the scenes of his exploits. When we approached the Victoria Niyanza he was actually fighting, but a day's march from us, with the people of Usanda and Masari, and a score of times we came near being plunged into wars because the natives mistook our expedition for Mirambo's force; but our color always saved us before we became actually engaged in conflict.

VARYING FORTUNES.

Various were our fortunes in our travels between Mgongo Tembo, in Iramba, and the Niyanza. We traversed the whole length of Usukuma, through the districts of Mombiti, Usiha, Mondo, Sengerema and Marya, and passing through Usmaow, reëntered Usukuma by Uchambi, and arrived at the lake after a march of 720 miles.

TOPOGRAPHY.

As far as western Ogogo I may pass over without attempting to describe the country, as readers may obtain a detailed account of it from "How I Found Livingstone." Thence northward is a new country to all, and a brief description of it may be interesting to students of African geography.

North of Mizanza a level plain extends as far as the frontier of Usandawi, a distance of thirty-five miles (English.) At Mukondoku the altitude, as indicated by two first-rate aneroids, was 2,800 feet. At Mtiwi, twenty miles north, the altitude was 2,825 feet. Diverging west and north-west,. we ascend the slope of a lengthy mountain wall, apparently, but which, upon arriving at the summit, we ascertain to be a wide plateau, covered with forest. This plateau has an altitude of 3,800 feet at its eastern extremity; but as it extends westward it rises to a height of 4,500 feet. It embraces all Uyanzi, Unyanyembe, Usukuma, Urimi and Irambo; in short, all that part of Central Africa lying between the valley of the Rufiji south and the Victoria Niyanza north, and the mean altitude of this broad upland cannot exceed 4,500 feet. From Mizanza to the Niyanza is a distance of nearly 300 geographical miles, yet at no part of this long journey did the aneroids indicate a higher altitude than 5,100 feet above the sea.

As far as Urimi, from the eastern edge of the plateau, the land is covered with a dense jungle of acacias, which tree, by its density, strangles all other vegetation. Here and there, only in the cleft of a rock, a giant euphorbia may be seen, sole lord of its sterile domain. The soil is shallow, and consists of vegetable mould mixed largely with sand and detritus of the bare rocks, which crown each knoll and ridge, and which testify too plainly to the violence of the periodical rains.

CURIOUS NATURAL RELICS.

In the basin of Matongo, in southern Urimi, we were instructed by the ruins of hills and ridges, relics of a loftier upland, of what has been effected by nature in the course of long ages. No learned geological savant need ever expound to the traveler who views these rocky ruins the geological history of this country. From a distance we viewed the glistening, naked and riven rocks as a singular scene; but when we stood among them, and noted the appearance of the rocky fragments of granite, gneiss and porphyry, peeled, as it were, rind after rind, or leaf after leaf, like an artichoke, until the rock was wasted away, it seemed as if Dame Nature had left these relics, these hilly skeletons, to demonstrate her laws and career. It seemed to me as if she said, "Lo and behold this broad basin of Matongo, with its teeming village and herds of cattle and fields of corn, surrounded by these bare rocks — in primeval time this land was covered with water, it was the bed of a vast sea. The waters were dried, leaving a wide expanse of level land, upon which I caused heavy rains to fall five months out of each year during all the ages that have elapsed since first the hot sunshine fell upon the soil. The rains washed away the loose sand and made deep furrows in course of time, until, at certain places, the rocky kernel under the soil began to appear. The furrows became enlarged, the water frittered away their banks and conveyed the earth away to lower levels, through which it wore away a channel first through the soil and lastly through the rock itself, which you may see if you but walk to the bottom of that basin. You will there behold a channel, worn through the solid rock, some fifty feet in depth; and as you look on that you will have an idea of the power and force of tropical rains. It is through that channel that the soil, robbed from these rocks, has been carried away towards the Niyanza to fill its depths and in time make dry land of it. Now, you may ask how came these once solid rocks, which are now but skeletons of hills and stony heaps, to be thus split into so many fragments? Have you never seen the effect of water thrown upon lime? The solid rocks have been broken and peeled in an almost similar manner. The tropic sun heated the surface of these rocks to an intense heat, and the cold rain falling upon the heated surface caused them to split and peel as you now see them."

THE FEEDERS OF THE NIYANZA.

This is really the geological history of this country simply told. Ridge after ridge, basin after basin, from Western Ugogo to the Niyanza, tells the same tale; but it is not until we enter Central Urimi that we begin to marvel at the violence of the process by which nature has transformed the face of the land. For here the perennial springs and rivulets begin to unite and form rivers, after collecting and absorbing the moisture from the watershed; and these rivers, though but gentle streams during the dry season, become formidable during the rains. It is in Central Urimi that the Nile first begins to levy tribute upon Equatorial Africa, and if you look upon the map and draw a line east from the latitude of Ujiji to longitude thirty-five degrees you will strike upon the sources of the Leewumbu, which is the extreme southern feeder of the Victoria Niyanza.

In Iramba, between Mgongo Tembo and Mombiti we came upon what must have been in former times an arm of the Victoria Niyanzi. It is called the Lumamberri Plain, after a river of that name, and is about forty miles in width. Its altitude is 3,775 feet above the sea and but a few feet above the Victoria Niyanza. We were fortunate in crossing the broad, shallow stream in the dry season, for during the *mazika*, or rainy season, the plain is converted into a wide lake.

The Leewumbu river, after a course of 170 miles, becomes known in Usukuma as the Monangah river. After another run of 100 miles it is converted into Shimeeyu, under which name it enters the Victoria east of this port of Kagehyi. Roughly the Shimeeyu may be said to have a length of 350 miles.

USUKUMA ENTERED.

After penetrating the forest and jungle west of the Lumanberri we enter Usukuma — a country thickly peopled and rich in cattle.

It is a series of rolling plains, with here and there, far apart, a chain of jagged hills. The descent to the lake is so gradual that I expect to find upon sounding it, as I intend to do, that, though it covers a vast area, it is very shallow.

Now, after our long journey, the expedition is halted a hundred yards from the lake, and as I look upon its dancing waters I long to launch the Lady Alice and venture out to explore its mysteries. Though on its shore, I am as ignorant of its configuration and extent as any man in England or America. I have questioned the natives of Uchambi closely upon the subject at issue, but no one can tell me positively whether the lake is one or more. I hear a multitude of strange names, but whether they are of countries or lakes it is impossible to divine, their knowledge of it being very superficial. My impression, however, is that Speke, in his bold sketch and imagined outline, is nearer the truth than Livingstone, who reported of it upon hearsay at a great distance from its shores; but as soon as I can finish my letters to you and my friends the sections of the Lady Alice will be screwed together, and the first English boat that ever sailed on the African lakes shall venture upon her mission of thoroughly exploring every nook and cranny of the shores of the Victoria. It is with great pride and pleasure I think of our success in conveying such a large boat safely through the hundreds of miles of jungle which we traversed, and just now I feel as though the entire wealth of the universe could not bribe me to turn back from my work. Indeed, it is with the utmost impatience that I think of the task of writing my letters before starting upon the more pleasant work of exploring, but I remember the precept, "duty before pleasure."

STRANGE TALES.

I hear of strange tales about the countries on the shores of this lake, which make me still more eager to start. One man reports a country peopled with dwarfs, another with giants, and another is said to possess a breed of such large dogs that even my mastiffs are said to have been small compared to them. All these may be idle romance, and I lay no stress on any thing reported to me, as I hope to be enabled to see, with my own eyes, all the wonders of these unknown countries.

It is unfortunate that I have not Speke's book with me; but a map of Central Africa which I have with me, contains the statement, in brackets, that the Victoria Niyanza has an altitude of only 3,308 feet above the ocean. If this statement is on Speke's authority, either he or I am wrong, for my two aneroids, almost fresh from England, make it much higher. One ranges from 3,550 to 3,650 feet; the other from 3,575 to 3,675 feet. I have not boiled my thermometers yet, but intend doing so before starting on the work of exploring the lake. I have no reason to suspect that the aneroids are at fault, as they are both first-class, and have been carefully carried with the chronometers.

With regard to Speke's position of Muanza, I incline to think that he is right, but as I have not visited Muanza I cannot tell. The natives point it out westward of Kagehyi and but a short distance off. The position of the port of Kagehyi is south latitude 2° 31′, east longitude 33° 13′.

MUSTERING THE EXPEDITION.

I mustered the men of the expedition yesterday and ascertained it to consist of three white men and 166 Wanguana soldiers and carriers, twenty-eight having died since leaving Ituru thirty days ago. Over one-half of our force has thus been lost by desertion and deaths. This is terrible, but I hope that their long rest here will revive the weak and strengthen the strong. The dreadful scourge of the expedition has been dysentery, and I can boast of but few men cured of it by medicine, though it was freely given, as we were possessed of abundance of medical stores. A great drawback to their cure has been the necessity of moving on, whereas a few days' rest, in a country blessed with good water and food, would have restored many of them to health; but good water and good food could not be procured anywhere together except here. The Arabs would have taken nine months or a year to march this long distance, while we have performed it in only 103 days, including halts. As I vaccinated every member of the expedition on the coast, I am happy to say that not one fell a victim to the small-pox.

HOW THE LETTER WAS SENT.

I leave this letter in the hands of Sungoro, a Msawabili trader, who resides here, in the hope that he will be enabled shortly to send it to Unyanyembe, as he frequently sends caravans there with ivory; but a copy of it I shall take with me to Uganda, and deliver to Mtesa, the king, to be conveyed, if possible, to Colonel Gordon. Since leaving Mpwapwa I have not met one caravan bound for Zanzibar; and after leaving Ugogo it was impossible to meet one, or to dispatch couriers through such dangerous countries as we have traversed. The letters containing the account of the explorations of the Victoria Niyanza and our subsequent march to the Albert Niyanza, I hope to be able to deliver personally into the hands of Colonel Gordon, and in this hope I remain, your's obediently.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

P. S. You may have observed that I have differed from Captain Speke in spelling Nyanza, as he calls it. I have taken the liberty of writing it as it is actually pronounced by both Arabs and natives, Ni-yanza or Neeyanza.

March 5. The boiling point observed by one of Negretti & Zambra's apparatus this day was 205° 6′; temperature of air, 82° Fahrenheit. The boiling point observed by another instrument by a different maker, was 205° 5′; temperature of air, 81° Fahrenheit. The barometer at the same time indicated 26.90 inches. The mean of the barometrical observations at Zanzibar was 30.048. The mean of the barometrical observations during seven days' residence here has been 26.138.

H. M. S.

STANLEY'S EIGHTH LETTER.

DEATH OF POCOCK

[From the New York Herald of October 11, 1875.]

KAGEHYI, ON THE VICTORIA NIYANZA, *March* 4, 1875.

DEAR SIR. — A most unpleasant, because sad, task devolves upon me, for I have the misfortune to have to report to you the death of your son Edward by typhoid fever. His service with me was brief, but it was long enough for me to know the greatness of your loss, for I doubt that few fathers can boast of such sons as yours. Both Frank and Ted proved themselves sterling men, noble and brave hearts and faithful servants. Ted had endeared himself to the members of the expedition by his amiable nature, his cheerfulness, and by various qualifications which brought him into high favor with the native soldiers of this force. Before daybreak we were accustomed to hear the cheery notes of his bugle, which woke us to a fresh day's labors; at night, around the camp-fires, we were charmed with his sweet, simple songs, of which he had an inexhaustible *répertoire.* When tired also with marching it was his task to announce to the fatigued people the arrival of the vanguard at camp, so that he had become quite a treasure to us all; and I must say that I have never known men who could bear what your sons have borne on this expedition so patiently and uncomplainingly. I never heard one grumble either from Frank or Ted; have never heard them utter an illiberal remark, or express any wish that the expedition had never set foot in Africa, as many men would have done in their situation; so that you may well imagine that, if the loss of one of your sons causes grief to your paternal heart, it has been no less a grief to us, as we were all, as it were, one family, surrounded as we are by so much that is dark and forbidding.

THE STORY OF HIS DEATH.

On arriving at Suna, in Urini, Ted came to me, after a very long march, complaining of pain in his limbs and loins. I did not think it was serious at all, nor anything uncommon after walking twenty miles, but told him to go and lie down, that he would be better on the morrow, as it was very probably fatigue. The next morning I visited him and he again complained of pains in the knees and back, which I then ascribed to rheumatism and treated him accordingly. The third day he complained of pain in the chest, difficulty of breathing and sleeplessness, by which I perceived that he was suffering from some other malady than rheumatism, but what it could be I could not divine. He was a little feverish, so I gave him a mustard plaster and some aperient medicine. Toward night he began to wander in his head, and on examining his tongue I found it almost black, and coated with dark gray fur. At these symptoms I thought that he had a severe attack of remittent fever, from which I suffered in Ujiji in 1871, and, therefore, I watched for an opportunity to administer quinine — that is, when the fever would abate a little. But on the fourth day, the patient still wandering in his mind, I suggested to Frank, that he should sponge him with cold water, and change his clothing, during which operation I noticed that the chest of the patient was covered with spots like pimples or small-pox pustules, which perplexed me greatly. He could not have caught the small-pox, and what the disease was I could not imagine; but, turning to my medical books, I saw that your son was suffering from typhoid, the description of which was too clear to be longer mistaken, and both Frank and I devoted our attention to him. He was nourished with arrowroot and brandy, and everything that was in our power to do was done, but it was very evident that the case was serious, though I hoped that his constitution would brave it out.

On the fifth day we were compelled to resume our journey, after a rest of four days. Ted was put in a hammock and carried on the shoulders of four men. At ten o'clock on the seventeenth of January we halted at Chiwyu, and the minute that he was laid down in the camp he breathed his last. Our companion was dead.

THE BODY LAID TO REST.

We buried him that night under a tree, on which his brother Frank had cut a deep cross, and read the beautiful service of the Church of England over him as we laid the poor worn-out body in its final resting place.

Peace be to his ashes! Poor Ted deserved a better fate than dying in Africa, but it was impossible that he could have died easier. I wish that my end may be as peaceful and painless as his. He was saved the stormy scenes we went through shortly after in our war with the Waturu; and who knows how much he has been saved from? But I know that he would have rejoiced to be with us at this hour of our triumph, gazing on the laughing waters of the vast fountain of old Nile. None of us would have been more elated at the prospect before us than he, for he was a true sailor and loved the sight of water. Yet again I say, peace be to his ashes; be consoled, for Frank still lives, and from present appearance is likely to come home to you with honor and glory such as he and you may well be proud of. Believe me, dear sir, with true sincerity, your well wisher.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

STANLEY'S NINTH LETTER.

DEATH OF BARKER

[From the New York Herald of October 11, 1875.]

VILLAGE OF KAGEHYI, DISTRICT OF UCHANBI,
USUKIMA, CENTRAL AFRICA, *May* 15, 1875.

MRS. CHARLOTTE BARKER. — Dear Mrs. Barker, I grieve to have to write to you on such a sad topic as this letter must contain. I would that some one else had undertaken the task or that Francis Pocock, your son's companion, had fulfilled, before his departure from here, what I had expressly ordered him to do.

But that I wish to save you from a too sudden blow I would have delayed writing until Pocock had written his report to me of the manner how or when of your poor son's last hours, for you must know that your son, Frederick Barker, is gone to his eternal rest.

I was absent on the exploring expedition of Lake Victoria, having left Francis Pocock and Frederick Barker in charge of my camp. Altogether I was absent fifty-eight days. When I returned, hoping that I would find that all had gone well, I was struck with the grievous news that your son had died twelve days before of an intermittent fever.

HOW BARKER DIED.

What little I have been able to learn of your son's death amounts to this: On April twenty-two he went out to the lake with Pocock to shoot hippopotami, and all day enjoyed himself. On the morning of the twenty-third he went out for a little walk, had his tea and some pancakes, washed himself, and then suddenly said he felt ill and lay down in bed. He called for a hot stone to be applied to his feet; brandy was given him, blankets were heaped on him; but he felt such cold in his extremities that nothing availed to restore the heat in his body. His blood seems to have become congealed. At eight A. M., an hour after he lay down, he was dead. Such is what I have been able to glean from Pocock of the manner of his death, but by our next letter-carrier Pocock shall send on a complete account.

His clothes and effects shall be sold at auction in this camp, and whatever they produce, with such money as may be due to him for wages, shall be rendered to you. His papers, photos and Testament I shall keep until I have an opportunity to send them to you.

BARKER'S GOOD QUALITIES.

Dear Mrs. Barker, you may believe me as you may, but in Fred Barker I have lost one of as much value to me as he was dear to you. He was such a clever, quick, intelligent servant that had he lived to reach home, and I had lived to see him there, his future need never have been a source of anxiety to him. Indeed, there is no doubt he before long would have ranked high in the estimation of worthy men, and become a most useful member of intelligent society. Gentlemanliness, honesty and politeness were his special characteristics. I had such confidence in him that I had placed him in charge of all my stores, and during my absence on the lake, appointed him half share in the command of 166 soldiers.

From the coast to this lake, a distance of 720 miles, he trudged it afoot like a hero. When sick, of course he rode one of our animals. Whatever I told him became so impressed on his memory that I need never repeat the order or complain of its neglect. Whatever I advised him to do became with him a law, whatever I suggested to him immediately was obeyed, as though it were a command. He was a rare young man, mettlesome, manly, and thoroughly English in his good qualities. It is then to be grieved that you have lost such a hopeful son, I such a true servant, and his country such a promising character. I sympathize with you deeply — not I alone; we all of us in this camp, for we have lost one such that his place cannot be filled.

God's comfort be with you in this distress, and believe me yours faithfully.

HENRY M. STANLEY.
Commanding the Anglo-American Expedition.

STANLEY'S TENTH LETTER.

SURVEYING THE EASTERN SHORE OF THE VICTORIA NIYANZA.

[From the New York Herald of November 29, 1875.]

ULAGALLA, MTESA'S CAPITAL, UGANDA,
E. LON. 32° 49′ 45″, N. LAT. 0° 32′, *April* 12, 1875.

I write this letter in a hurry, as it is the mere record of a work begun and not ended — I mean the exploration of the Victoria Niyanza. But brief as it necessarily must be, I am sure it will interest thousands of your readers, for it solves the great question, "Is the Victoria Niyanza one lake, or does it consist of a group of lakes such as Livingstone reported it to be?" In answer to the query, I will begin by stating that I have explored, by means of the Lady Alice, the whole of the southern, eastern and north-eastern shores of the Victoria Niyanza, have penetrated into every bay, inlet and creek that indents its shores, and have taken thirty-seven observations, so that I feel competent to decide upon the question at issue, without bias or prejudice to any hypothesis. I have a mass of notes relating to the countries I visited, and ample means of making a proper chart at my camp at Usukuma, but I have neither paper, parallel rules nor any instrument whatever to lay down the positions I have taken, with me at present. I merely took an artificial horizon, sextant, chronometer, two aneroids, boiling-point apparatus, sounding-line, a few guns, ammunition and some provisions, as I wished to make the boat as light as possible, that she might work easily in the storms of the Niyanza. But when I reach camp I propose to draw a correct chart of the Niyanza and write such notes upon the several countries I have visited as will amply repay perusal and study.

AMERICAN SURVEY OF THE LAKE.

I have already informed you that our camp at Kagehyi, in Usukuma, is situated in longitude 33° 13′ east and latitude 2° 31′ south. Before starting on the exploration of the lake I ascertained that Muanza was situated a few miles west, almost on the same parallel of latitude as Kagehyi. Now Muanza is the point whence Speke observed the Victoria Niyanza, and where he drew his imaginary sketch of the lake from information given to him by the natives. If you will look at Speke's map you will find that it contains two islands — Ukerewe and Maziti. Looking at the same objects from Kagehyi, I would have concluded that they were islands myself; but a faithful exploration of the lake has proved that they are not islands, but a lengthy promontory of land extending from longitude 34° 45¾′ east, to longitude 32° 40′ 15″ east. That part of the lake that Speke observed from Muanza is merely a huge gulf, about twenty-five miles wide by sixty-five miles long. To the noble Lake Niyanza, Speke loyally added that of Victoria, as a tribute to his sovereign, which let no man take away; but in order to connect forever Speke's name to the lake which he discovered I have thought it but simple justice to the gallant explorer to call this immense gulf Speke Gulf. If you look again on Speke's map you will observe how boldly he has sketched the Niyanza stretching eastward and north-eastward. Considering that he drew it from mere native report, which never yet was exact or clear, I must say that I do not think any other man could have arrived so near the truth. I must confess that I could not have done it myself, for I could make nothing of the vague and mythical reports of the natives of Kagehyi.

AT THE MOUTH OF THE SHIMEEYU.

Proceeding eastward to the unknown and fabulous distance in the Lady Alice, with a picked crew of eleven men and a guide, I coasted along the southern coast of the lake, round many a noble bay, until we came to the mouth of the Shimeeyu, in longitude 33° 33′ east, latitude 2° 35′ south — by far the noblest river that empties into the lake that we have yet seen. The Shimeeyu has a length of 370 miles, and is the extreme southern source of the Nile. Before emptying into the lake it unites with the Luamberri river, whence it issues in a majestic flood to Lake Victoria Niyanza. At its mouth it is a mile wide, but contracts as we proceed up the river to 400 yards. Even by itself it would make no insignificant White Nile. By accident our route through Itaru took us from its birthplace, a month's march from the lake, and along many a mile of its crooked course, until by means of the Lady Alice we were enabled to see it enter the Niyanza, a river of considerable magnitude.

SIMA AND MAGU.

Between the mouth of the Shimeeyu and Kagehyi were two countries — Sima and Magu — of the same nature as Usukuma, and inhabited by peoples speaking the same dialect. On the eastern side of the river is Mazanza, and beyond Manasa.

SOUTHWARD TO UTUTWA.

Coasting still along the southern shore of the lake, beyond Manasa, we come to Ututwa, inhabited by a people speaking a different language, namely, that of the Wajika, as the Wamasai are called here, a people slender and tall, carrying formidably long knives and terrible and portentous spears.

THE EXTREME END OF SPEKE GULF.

In longitude 33° 45′ 45″ east, we came to the extreme end of Speke gulf, and then turned northward as far as latitude 2° 5′ south, whence we proceeded westward almost in a straight line along Shashi and Iranbu, in Ukerewe. In longitude 33° 26′ east, we came to a strait — the Rugeji strait — which separates one-half of Ukerewe from the other half, and by which there is a direct means of communication from Speke gulf with the countries lying north of Ukerewe. We did not pass through, but proceeded still westward, hugging the bold shores of that part of Ukerewe which is an island, as far as longitude 32° 40′ 15″ east, whence, following the land, we turned north-west, thence north, until in latitude 1° 53′ south, we turned east again, coasting along the northern shores of Ukerewe island until we came to the tabular-topped bluff of Majita (Speke miscalled this Mazita or Maziti, and termed it an island), in longitude 33° 9′ 45″ east, and latitude 1° 50′ south, whence the land begins to trend northward of east. North of Kashizu, in Ukerewe, lies the large island of Ukura, which gives its name with some natives to that part of the lake lying between it and Ukerewe. It is about eighteen miles long by twelve wide, and is inhabited by a people strong in charms and magic medicine. From Majita we pass on again to the north shore of Shashi, whose south coast is bounded by Speke gulf, and beyond Shashi we come to the first district in Ururi.

IN URURI.

Ururi extends from Shashi, in latitude 1° 50′ south, to latitude 0° 40′ south, and embraces the districts of Wye, Irieni, Urieri, Igengi, Kutiri, Shirati and Mohuru. Its coast is indented most remarkably with bays and creeks, which extend far inland. East of the immediate coast-line the country is a level plain, which is drained by an important river called Shirati. All other streams which issue into the lake along the coast of Ururi are insignificant.

North of Shirati, the most northern district of Ururi, begins the country of Ugeyeya, whose bold and mountainous shores form a strong contrast to the flats of Shirati and Moluru. Here are mountains rising abruptly from the lake to a height of 3,000 feet and more. This coast is also very crooked and irregular, requiring patient and laborious rowing to investigate its many bends and curves. The people are a timid and suspicious race, much vexed by their neighbors, the Waruri, south, and Wamasui, east, and are loath to talk to strangers, as the Arab slave dealers of Pangani have not taught them to love people carrying guns.

The Wageyeya, having been troubled by the Waruri, have left many miles of wilderness between their country and that of their fierce neighbors uninhabited. But Sungoro, the agent of Mse Saba, who prompted the Waruri to many a devilish act, and has purchased the human spoils, is constructing in Ukerewe a dhow of twenty or thirty tons burden, with which he intends to prosecute more actively his nefarious trade. Nothing would have pleased me better than to have been commissioned by some government to hang all such wretches wherever found; and if ever a pirate deserved death for inhuman crimes, Sungoro, the slave trader, deserves death. Kagehyi, Usukuma, has become the seat of the inhuman trade in slaves. To this point they are collected from Sima, Magu, Ukerewe, Ururi and Ugeyeya; and when Sungoro has floated his dhow and hoisted his blood-stained ensign, the great sin will increase ten-fold, and the caravan road to Unyanyembe will become hell's highway.

On the coast of Ugeyeya I expected to discover a channel to another lake, as there might be a grain of truth in what the Wanguana reported to Livingstone; but I found nothing of the sort, except unusually deep bends in the shore, which led nowhere. The streams were insignificant and undeserving the name of rivers.

ISLANDS AT THE EQUATOR.

A few miles from the equator I discovered two islands formed of basaltic rock and overgrown with a dense growth of tropical vegetation. One had a natural bridge of rock thirty feet long and fifteen feet wide; the other had a small cave.

In longitude 34° 49′ east, at Nakidimo, Ugeyeya, we came to the furthest point east of the Victoria Niyanza.

BARINGO

North of Ugeyeya begins Baringo, a small country, extending over about fifteen miles of latitude. Its coast is also remarkable for deep indentations and noble bays, some of which are almost entirely closed by land and might well be called lakes by the uncultivated Wanguana. Large islands are also numerous, some of which lie so close to the mainland that if we had not hugged its shore closely we should have mistaken them for portions of the mainland. North of Baringo the land is again distinguished by lofty hills, cones and plateaus, which sink eastward into plains, and here a new country commences — Unyara, the language of whose people is totally distinct from that of Usukuma, and approaches to that of Uganda and Usoga.

THE POPULATION.

Unyara occupies the north-eastern coast of the Victoria Niyanza, and by observation the extreme north-eastern point of the Niyanza ends in longitude 34° 35′ east and latitude 33′ 43″ north. As I intend to send you a chart of the Niyanza, it is needless here to enter into minor details, but I may as well mention now that a large portion of the north-eastern end of the lake is almost entirely closed in by the shores of Ugana and of two islands, Chaga and Usugura, the latter of which is one of the largest in the Niyanza.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL SITUATION.

While Unyara occupies the north-eastern coast of the Niyanza, Ugana begins the northern coast of the lake from the east, which, running south-west a few miles, forms here a large bay. It then trends westward, and the island of Chaga runs directly north and south for eight miles at a distance of twelve miles from the opposite coast of Unyara. With but a narrow channel between, Usuguru island runs from the southern extremity of Chaga, in a south-south-easterly direction, to within six miles from the eastern shore of the mainland. Thus almost a lake separate from the Niyanza is formed.

North of Chaga island, Usoga begins with the large district of Usowa, where we met with the first hostile intention — though not act, as the act was checked by show of superior weapons — on the part of the natives. Thence, as we proceed westward, the districts of Ugamba, Uvira, Usamu and Utamba line the coast of Usoga.

Where Utamba begins, large islands again become frequent, the principal of which is Uvuma, an independent country and the largest in the Victoria Niyanza.

FIRST ATTACK BY NATIVES.

At Uvuma we experienced treachery and hostility on the part of the natives. By show of friendship on their part we were induced to sail within a few yards of the shore, while a mass of natives were hid in ambush behind the trees. While sailing quietly by, exchanging friendly greetings with them, we were suddenly attacked with a shower of large rocks, several of which struck the boat; but the helm being quickly put "hard up," we sheered from shore to a safer distance, yet not before one of the rascals was laid dead by a shot from one of my revolvers.

After proceeding some miles we entered a channel between the islands of Uvuma and Bugeyeya, but close to the shore of Uvuma. Here we discovered a fleet of large canoes — thirteen in number — carrying over a hundred warriors, armed with shields and spears and slings. The foremost canoe contained baskets of sweet potatoes, which the people held up as if they were desirous to trade. I ordered my people to cease rowing, and as there was a slight breeze we still held on with the sail and permitted the canoe to approach.

SECOND ATTACK.

While we were bargaining for potatoes with this canoe the other canoes came up and blocked the boat, while the people began to lay hands on everything; but we found their purpose out, and I warned the canoes away with my gun. They jeered at this and immediately seized their spears and shields, while one canoe hastened away with some beads they had stolen, and which a man insolently held up to my view, and invited us to catch him. At sight of this I fired, and the man fell dead in his canoe. The others prepared to launch their spears, but the repeating rifle was too much for the crowd of warriors who had hastened like pirates to rob us. Three were shot dead, and as they retreated my elephant rifle smashed their canoes, the result of which we saw in the confusion attending each shot. After a few shots from the big gun we continued on our way, still hugging the shore of Uvuma, for it was unnecessary to fly after such an exhibition of inglorious conduct on the part of thirteen canoes, containing in the aggregate over 100 men.

In the evening we anchored in the channel between Uvuma and Usoga, in east longitude 33° 40′ 15″, and north latitude 0° 30′ 9″.

NAPOLEON CHANNEL — THE CURRENT.

Next morning, the current perceptibly growing stronger as we advanced north, we entered the Napoleon channel that separates Usoga from Uganda, and then sailed across to the Uganda shore. Having arrived close to the land, we pulled down sail and rowed towards the Ripon falls, the noise of whose rushing waters sounded loud and clear in our ears. The lake shoaled rapidly, and we halted to survey the scene at a spot half a mile from the first mass of foam caused by the escaping waters. Speke has been most accurate in his description of the outflowing river, and his pencil has done fair justice to it. The scenery around, on the Usoga and the Uganda side, has nothing of the sublime about it, but it is picturesque and well worthy a visit. A few small islands dot the channel and lie close ashore; while at the entrance of the main channel, looking south, the large islands of Uziri and Wanzi stretch obliquely, or south-west, toward Uvuma. But the eye of the observer is more fascinated by the ranks of swelling foam and leaping waters than by the uneven contour of the land. The ear is attracted by the rough music of their play, despite the terrors which the imagination paints to us, and it absorbs all our attention to watch the smooth, flowing surface of the lake, suddenly broken by the rocks of white gneiss and ruddy hematite which protrude above the water, and which threaten instant doom to the unlucky navigator who might be drifted among them. There is a charm in the scene that belongs to few such, for this outflowing river, which the great Victoria Niyanza discharges from its bosom, becomes known to the world as the White Nile. Though born amid the mountains of Itura, Kargue and Ugeyeya, it emerges from the womb of the Niyanza the perfect Nile which annually resuscitates parched Egypt.

From the Ripon falls we proceeded along the coast of Ikira south-westward until, gaining the shore opposite Uziri, we coasted westerly along the irregular shore of Uganda.

GUIDES OBTAINED.

Arriving at the isle of Kriva we secured guides, who voluntarily offered to conduct us as far as Mtesa's capital.

A MESSAGE TO KING MTESA.

Halting a short time at the island of Kibibi, we proceeded to Ukafu, where a snug horse-shoe-shaped bay was discovered. From Ukafu we despatched messengers to Mtesa to announce the arrival of a white visitor in Uganda, after being most hospitably received with fair words but with empty hands along the coast of Uganda.

CORRECTION OF THE MAPS.

I was anxious to discover the entrance of the Luajerri, and questioned the natives long and frequently about it, until, securing an interpreter who understood the Kisawahili, we ascertained that there was no such river as the Luajerri; that *luaserri* meant "still water," applicable to any of the many lengthy creeks or narrow inlets which indent the coasts of Uganda and Usoga, from which I conclude that Speke was misinformed, and that his "Luajerri" is *luaserri* or still water. At least, we discovered no such river, either sluggish or quick, flowing northwards; while in the neighborhood of "Murchison Creek," I did discover a long and crooked inlet called Mwrau — a *luaserri*, or still water — which penetrated several miles inland, the termination of which we saw. I noticed a positive tide here during the morning. For two hours the water of this creek flowed north, subsequently for two hours it flowed south, and on asking the people if it were usual they said it was, and was visible in all of the inlets on the coast of Uganda.

ROYAL NAVAL WELCOME.

Arriving at Beya, we were welcomed by a fleet of canoes sent by Mtesa to conduct us to Murchison creek.

On the fourth of April I landed amid a concourse of 2,000 people, who saluted me with a deafening volley of musketry and waving of flags. Katakiro, the chief mukungu, or officer in Uganda, then conducted me to comfortable quarters, to which shortly afterward were brought sixteen goats, ten oxen, an immense quantity of bananas, plantains, sweet potatoes, besides eggs, chickens, milk, rice, ghee and butter. After such a royal and bountiful gift I felt more curiosity than ever to see the generous monarch.

MTESA'S RECEPTION.

In the afternoon Mtesa, having prepared beforehand for my reception, sent to say that he was ready to receive me. Issuing out of my quarters I found myself in a broad street eighty feet wide and half a mile long, which was lined by his personal guards and attendants, his captains and their respective retinues, to the number of about 3,000. At the extreme end of this street and fronting it was the king's audience house, in whose shadow I saw dimly the figure of the king sitting in a chair.

As I advanced toward him the soldiers continued to fire their guns. The drums, sixteen in number, beat a fearful tempest of sound, and the flags waved, until I became conscious that all this display was far beyond my merits, and, consequently, felt greatly embarrassed by so flattering a reception. Arrived before the audience house the king rose — a tall and slender figure, dressed in Arab costume — approached me a few paces, held out his hand mutely, while the drums continued their terrible noise, and we stood silently gazing at each other a few minutes, I, indeed, more embarrassed than ever. But soon, relieved from the oppressive noise of the huge drums and violence of the many screaming, discordant fifes, I was invited to sit, Mtesa first showing the example, followed by his great captains, about 100 in number.

His Personal Appearance.

More at ease, I surveyed the figure and features of this powerful monarch. Mtesa is about thirty-four years old, and tall and slender in build, as I have already stated, but with broad shoulders. His face is very agreeable and pleasant, and indicates intelligence and mildness. His eyes are large, his nose and mouth are a great improvement upon those of the common type of negro, and approach to that of the Muscat Arab, slightly tainted with negro blood. His teeth are splendid, and gleaming white.

Manner of Address.

As soon as Mtesa began to speak I became captivated by his manner, for there was much of the polish of a true gentleman about it — it was at once amiable, graceful and friendly. It assured me that in Mtesa I had found a friend, a generous king, and an intelligent ruler. He is infinitely superior to Seyd Burghash, the Arab sultan of Zanzibar, and he appears to me like a colored gentleman who has visited European courts, whence he has caught a certain polish and ease of manner and a vast amount of information which he has collected for the improvement of his race. If you will recollect that Mtesa is a native of Central Africa, and that he had seen but three white men until I came, you will, perhaps, be as much astonished at this as I was. And if you will but think of the enormous extent of country he rules, extending from east longitude 34 to east longitude 31, and from north latitude 1 to south latitude 3° 30,' you will perceive the immense influence he could wield toward civilization in Africa. Indeed I could not regard this king or look at him in any other light than the Augustus by whose means the light of the Gospel will be brought to benighted Middle Africa.

Undoubtedly the Mtesa of to-day is vastly superior to the vain youth whom Speke and Grant saw. There is no butchery of men or women; seldom one suffers the extreme punishment. Speke and Grant left him a raw, vain youth, and a heathen. He is now a gentleman, and, professing Islamism, submits to other laws than his own erratic will, which, we are told, had led him to severe and fatal consequences. All his captains and chief officers profess the same creed, dress in Arab costume and in other ways affect Arab custom. He has a guard of 200 men — renegadoes from Baker's expedition, Zanzibar defaulters, a few Omani and the elect of Uganda.

HIS COURT.

Behind his throne, an armchair of native manufacture, the royal shield bearers, lance bearers and gun bearers stand erect and staid. On either side of him are his grand chiefs and courtiers, sons of governors of his provinces, chiefs of districts, etc. Outside the audience house the lengthy lines of warriors begin with the chief drummer and the noisy goma-beaters. Next come the screaming fifers, the flag and banner bearers, the fusiliers, and so on with spearmen, seemingly *ad infinitum.*

GAYETY AND REJOICING.

Mtesa asked a number of questions about various things, thereby showing a vast amount of curiosity and great intelligence.

The king had arrived at this camp — Usavara — fourteen days before my arrival, with this immense army of followers, for the purpose of shooting birds. He now proposed to return, after two or three days' rest, to his capital at Ulagalla, or Uragara. Each day of my stay at Usavara was a scene of gayety and rejoicing. On the first after my arrival we beheld a grand naval review — eighty-four canoes, each manned by from thirty to forty men, containing in the aggregate a force of about 2,500. We had excellent races and witnessed various manœuvres by water. Each admiral vied with the other in extolling aloud the glory of their monarch, or in exciting admiration from the hundreds of spectators on shore. The king's 300 wives were present *en grande tenue*, and were not the least important of those on shore.

OUTDOOR SPORT.

The second day the king led his fleet in person to show me his prowess in shooting birds. We rowed, or were rather paddled, up "Murchison creek," visiting *en route* a dhow he is building for the navigation of the lake, his place of residence, and his former capital, Banda, where Speke and Grant found him.

HINTS FOR THE GEOGRAPHERS.

En passant, I may remark that Speke could not possibly have seen the whole of the immense bay he has denominated "creek." It is true that from a short distance west of Dwaga, his Ramazan palace, up to Mngono, the extremity of the bay, a distance of about eight miles, it might be termed a creek, but this distance does not approach to one-half of the bay. I respectfully request geographers, Messrs. Keith, Johnston and Stanford especially, to change the name of Murchison creek to Murchison bay, as more worthy the large area of water now known by the former inappreciative title. Murchison bay extends from north latitude 15° to north latitude 27°, and from east longitude 32° 53′ to 32° 38′ in extreme length. At the mouth the bay contracts to a width of four miles, but within its greatest breadth is twelve miles. Surely such a body of water — as terms go — deserves the more appropriate name of bay, but I leave it to fair judging geographers to decide. For the position of Mtesa's capital I have taken three observations, three different days. My longitude agrees pretty closely with that of Speke's, while there is but four miles difference in latitude.

THE ARMY.

The third day the troops of Mtesa were exercised at target practice, and on the fourth day we all marched for the grand capital, the Kibuga of Uganda, Ulagalla or Uragara.

MTESA IS A GREAT KING.

He is a monarch who would delight the soul of any intelligent European, as he would see in Mtesa the hope of Central Africa. He is king of Karagwe, Uganda, Unyoro, Usoga and Usui. Each day I saw something which increased my esteem and respect for him. He is fond of imitating Europeans and great kings, which trait, with a little tuition, would be of immense benefit to his country. He has prepared broad highways in the neighborhood of his capital for the good time that is coming when some charitable European will send him any kind of a wheeled vehicle. As we approached the capital the highway from Usavara increased in width from twenty feet to 150 feet. When we arrived at this magnificent breadth we viewed the capital crowning an eminence commanding a most extensive view of a picturesque and rich country teeming with gardens of plantains and bananas, and beautiful pasture land. Of course huts, however large, lend but little attraction to a scene, but a tall flag-staff and an immense flag proved a feature in the landscape.

IN THE CAPITAL.

Arrived at the capital I found that the vast collection of huts crowning the eminence were the royal quarters, around which ran five several palisades and circular courts, between which and the city was a circular road, ranging from 100 to 200 feet in width, from which radiated six or seven magnificent avenues, lined with gardens and huts.

AT THE PALACE IN STATE.

The next day after arrival I was introduced to the royal palace in great state. None of the primitive scenes visible in Speke's book were visible here. The guards, clothed in white cotton dresses, were by no means comical. The chiefs were very respectable looking people, dressed richly in the Arab costume. The palace was a huge and lofty structure, well built of grass and cane, while tall trunks of trees upheld the roof, which was covered with cloth sheeting inside.

THE EGYPTIAN ENVOY.

On the fourth day after my arrival news came that another white man was approaching the capital from the direction of Unyoro, and on the fifth day I had the extreme pleasure of greeting Colonel Linant de Bellefonds, of the Eyptian service, who had been despatched by Colonel Gordon to Mtesa, to make a treaty of commerce between him and the Egyptian government. The meeting, though not so exciting as my former meeting with the venerable David Livingstone, at Ujiji, in November, 1871, still may be said to be singular and fortunate for all concerned. In Colonel Bellefonds I met a gentleman extremely well informed, energetic and a great traveler. His knowledge of the countries between Uganda and Khartoum was most minute and accurate, from which I conclude that but little of the geography of Central Africa between the cataracts of the Nile and Uganda is unknown. To which store of valuable geographical acquisitions must now be added my exploration of the Nile sources, which pour into the Niyanza and the new countries I have visited between the Niyanza and the Unyanyembe road. In Colonel Bellefonds I also perceived great good fortune, for I now had the means to despatch my reports of geographical discoveries and my long delayed letters.

THE FUTURE.

The day after to-morrow I intend to return to Usukuma, prosecuting my geographical researches along the western shore of the Victoria Niyanza. After which I propose to march the expedition to the Katonga valley, and thence, after another visit to Mtesa, march directly west for Lake Albert Niyanza, where I hope to meët with some more of the gallant subordinates of Colonel Gordon, by whom I shall be able, through their courtesy, to send several more letters descriptive of discoveries and adventures.

I might protract this letter indefinitely by dwelling upon the value of the service rendered to science and the world by Ismael Pacha, but time will not allow me, nor, indeed, is it necessary, as I dare say by this time you have had ample proofs of what has been done by Gordon. Baker, unfortunately, appears to be in bad odor with all I meet. His severity and other acts receive universal condemnation; but far be it from me to add to the ill report, and so I leave what I have heard untold.

SPEKE RIGHT — LIVINGSTONE WRONG.

Then, briefly, thus much remains to be said. Livingstone, in his report of the Niyanza consisting of five lakes, was wrong. Speke, in his statement that the Niyanza was but one lake, was quite correct. But I believe that east of the Niyanza, or rather north-east of the Niyanza, there are other lakes, though they have no connection whatever with the Niyanza; nor do I suppose they are of any great magnitude or extend south of the Equator. If you ask me why, I can only answer that in my opinion the rivers entering the Niyanza on the north-eastern shore do not sufficiently drain the vast area of country lying between the Niyanza and the western versant of the Eastern African mountain range. From the volume of the Niyanza-feeders on the north-eastern side I cannot think that they extend further than longitude 36° east, which leaves a large tract of country east to be drained by other means than the Niyanza. But this means may very probably be the Iub, which empties its waters into the Indian ocean. The Sobat cannot possibly approach near the Equator. This, however, will be decided definitively by Gordon's officers.

Colonel Bellefonds informs me that the Assua, or Asha, is a mere torrent.

When you see my chart, which will trace the course of the Luamberri and the Shimeeyu, rivers which drain all of the southern and south-eastern countries of the Niyanza, you will be better able to judge of their importance and magnitude as sources of the Nile. I expect to discover a considerable river south-west; but all of this will be best told in my next letter.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

P. S. — I had almost forgotten to state that the greatest depth of the Niyanza as yet ascertained by me is 275 feet. I have not yet sounded the center of the lake; this I intend to do on my return to Usukuma south.

STANLEY'S ELEVENTH LETTER.

KING M'TSE AND HIS COUNTRY.

[From the New York Herald of November 29, 1875.]

RELIGION AT COURT — TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY.

M'TSE'S CAPITAL, UGANDA, *April* 14, 1875.

I had almost neglected to inform you and your readers of one very interesting subject connected with M'tsé which will gratify many a philanthropic European and American.

I have already told you that M'tsé and the whole of his court profess Islamism. A long time ago, some four or five years, Khamis bin Abdullah (the only Arab who remained with me three years ago, as a rearguard, when the Arabs disgracefully fled from Mirambo) came to Uganda. He was wealthy, of noble descent, had a magnificent personal appearance, and brought with him many a rich present, such as few Arabs could afford, for Mtesa. The king became immediately fascinated with him, and really few white men could be long with the son of Abdullah without being charmed by his presence, his handsome, proud features, his rich olive complexion and his liberality. I confess I never saw an Arab or Mussulman who attracted me so much as Khamis bin Abdullah, and it is no wonder that M'tsé, meeting a kindred spirit in the noble Arab of Muscat, amazed at the magnificent figure, the splendor of his apparel, the display of his wealth and the number of his slaves fell in love with him. Khamis stayed with M'tsé a full year, during which time the king became a convert to the creed of Khamis — namely, Mohammedanism. The Arab clothed Mtesa in the best that his wardrobe offered. He gave him gold-embroidered jackets, fine white shirts, crimson slippers, swords, silk sashes, daggers and a revolving rifle, so that Speke's and Grant's presents seemed quite insignificant.

Until I arrived at M'tsé's court the king delighted in the idea that he was a follower of Islam; but by one conversation I flatter myself that I have tumbled the newly-raised religious fabric to the ground, and, if it were only followed by the arrival of a Christian mission here, the conversion of M'tsé and his court to Christianity would be complete. I have undermined Islamism so much here that M'tsé has determined henceforth, until he is better informed, to observe the Christian Sabbath as well as the Moslem Sabbath, and the great captains have unanimously consented to it. He has caused the ten commandments of Moses to be written on a board for his daily perusal (as M'tsé can read Arabic), as well as the Lord's prayer and the golden commandment of our Saviour, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." This is great progress for the few days that I have remained with him, and, though I am no missionary, I shall begin to think that I shall become one if success is so feasible.

THE GRAND FIELD FOR CHRISTIAN MISSIONARIES.

But, oh, that some pious, practical missionary would come here! What a field and a harvest ripe for the sickle of the Gospel! M'tsé would give him any thing he desired — houses, lands, cattle, ivory, etc. He might call a province his own in one day. It is not the mere preacher that is wanted here. The bishops of all Great Britain collected, with all the classic youth of Oxford and Cambridge, would effect nothing here with the intelligent people of Uganda. It is the practical Christian tutor, who can teach people how to become Christians, cure their diseases, construct dwellings, understands agriculture and can turn his hand to any thing, like a sailor — this is the man that is wanted here. Such a man, if he can be found, would become the saviour of Africa. He must be tied to no church or sect, but profess God and His Son, and live a blameless Christian, be inspired by liberal principles, charity to all men and devout faith in God. He must belong to no nation in particular, but the entire white race.

Such a man or men M'tsé, King of Uganda, Usoga, Unyoro and Karagwe — a kingdom 360 geographical miles in length by fifty in breadth — invites to come to him. He has begged me to tell the white men that if they will only come to him he will give them all they want.

Now where is there in all the pagan world a more promising field for a mission than Uganda? Colonel Linant de Bellefonds is my witness that I speak the truth, and I know he will corroborate all I say. The colonel, though a Frenchman, is a Calvinist, and has become as ardent a well-wisher for the Waganda as I am.

Then why further spend needlessly vast sums upon black pagans of Africa who have no example of their own people becoming Christians before them? I speak to the Universities Mission at Zanzibar and to the Free Methodists at Mombassa, to the leading philanthropists and the pious people of England. Here, gentlemen, is your opportunity — embrace it! The people on the shores of the Niyanza call upon you. Obey your own generous instincts, and listen to them, and I assure you that in one year you will have more converts to Christianity than all other missionaries united can numbers The population of M'tsé's kingdom is most dense. I estimate the number of his subjects at 2,000,000. You need not fear to spend money upon such a mission, as M'tsé is sole ruler, and will repay its cost ten-fold with ivory, coffee, otter skins of a very fine quality, or in cattle, for the wealth of this country in all these products is immense.

The road here is by the Nile, or via Zanzibar, Ugogo and Unyanyembe. The former route, so long as Colonel Gordon governs the countries of the Upper Nile, is the most feasible.

With permission I would suggest that the mission should bring to M'tsé as presents three or four suits of military clothes, decorated freely with gold embroidery, with half a dozen French *kepis*, a sabre, a brace of pistols and suitable ammunition; a good fowling piece and rifle of good quality, as the king is not a barbarian; a cheap dinner service of Britannia ware, an iron bedstead and counterpanes, a few pieces of cotton prints, boots, etc. For trade it should bring fine blue, black and gray woollen cloths, a quantity of military buttons, gold braid and cord, silk cord of different colors, as well as binding, linen and sheeting for shirts, fine red blankets and a quantity of red cloth, a few chairs and tables. The profit arising from the sale of these things would be enormous.

For the mission's use it should bring with it a supply of hammers, saws, augers, chisels, axes, hatchets, adzes, carpenters' and blacksmiths' tools, as the Waganda are apt pupils; iron drills and powder for blasting purposes, trowels, a couple of good sized anvils, a forge and bellows, an assortment of nails and tacks, a plough, spades, shovels, pickaxes and a couple of light buggies as specimens, and such other small things as their own common sense would suggest. Most desirable would be an assortment of garden seed and grain; also white lead, linseed oil, brushes, a few volumes of illustrated journals, gaudy prints, a magic lantern, rockets and a photograph apparatus. The total cost of the whole need not exceed £5,000.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

STANLEY'S TWELFTH LETTER.

EXPLORING THE EASTERN SHORES OF THE VICTORIA NIYANZA.

[From the New York Herald.]

VILLAGE OF KAGEHYI, DISTRICT OF UCHAMBI,
COUNTRY OF USUKUMA, *May* 15, 1875.

By the aid of the enclosed map you will be able to understand the positions and places of the countries mentioned in my last, and of some I shall be obliged to describe in this letter. It is needless to go over the same ground I described in my letter from Uganda; but, since I send you a map, it will be but charity to sketch again briefly the characteristics of the countries lying east between Usukuma and Uganda.

Between the district of Uchambi, which is in Usukuma, and the Shimeeyu river, the principal affluent of the Niyanza, lie the pretty districts of Sima and Magu, governed by independent chiefs. On the eastern side of the Shimeeyu is Masanza, a rugged and hilly country, thinly populated and the resort of the elephant hunters. Beyond Masanza the coast is formed by Manasa and the country is similar in feature to Masanza, abounding in elephants. This extends to the eastern extremity of Speke gulf, when we behold a complete change in the landscape. The land suddenly sinks down into a flat, marshy country, as if Speke gulf formerly had extended many miles inland, as I have no doubt, but rather feel convinced, it did.

This country is called Wirigedi, peopled by savages, who have little or no intercourse with Usukuma, but are mostly exclusive and disposed to take advantage of their strength to rob strangers who visit them. Urrigedi is drained by the Ruana, which discharges itself into Speke gulf by two mouths. It is a powerful stream, conveying a vast quantity of water to Speke gulf, but in importance not to be mentioned in the same category as the Shimeeyu and the Kagera, the two principal affluents of Lake Victoria.

SPEKE GULF.

Speke gulf at its eastern extremity is about twelve miles in width. Opposed to the hilly ranges of Manasa and Masanza are the sterile naked mountains and plains of Shashi, Uramba and Urirwi. The plains which separate each country from the other are as devoid of vegetation as the Isthmus of Suez. A thin line only, bordering the lake, is green with bush and cane. The gulf, as we proceed west from Urirwi, is shored by the great island of Ukerewe, a country blessed with verdure and plenty, and rich in herds of cattle and ivory. A narrow strait, called the Rugeshi, separates Ukerewe from Urirwi. The Wakereweh are an enterprising and commercial people, and the King Lukongeh, is a most amiable man. The Wakereweh possess numerous islands. Nifuah, Wezi, Iraugara, Kamassi, &c, are all inhabited by them. Their canoes are seen in Ugeyeya, Usongora and Uzuiza; and to the tribes in the far interior they have given, by their activity and commercial fellowship, their name to the Victoria Niyanza.

Rounding Ukerewe, we pass on our left the island of Ukara, and, sailing past Shizn and Kiveru, come to the northern end of Rugeshi strait, from where we see the towering table-mountain of Majita a little to the north-east of us, the mountains of Urimi and Uramba being in our front.

MAJITA NOT AN ISLAND.

I mentioned to you in one of my letters that Speke described Majita as an island, and that I, standing on the same spot, would do so likewise if I had no other proof than my own eyes. As we approach Majita we see the reason of this delusion. The table-mountain of Majita is about 3,000 feet in altitude above the lake, while on all sides of it, except the lake side at its base, are low brown plains, which rise but a few feet above the lake. It is the same case with Urirwi, Uramba, and Shashi. At a distance I thought them islands, until I arrived close to them.

On the northern side of Majita the brown plain extends far inland, and I do believe a great plain or a series of plains bounds the lake-countries east, for we have views distant or near everywhere. In endeavoring to measure the extent of this plain I am compelled to think of Ugogo, for as we traversed its northern frontier we saw each day stretching north the barren thorn-covered plain of Uhumba. On leaving Iramba we came again in view of a portion of it, more recently covered with water, under the name of the Luwamberri plain. As we journey through Usmaow we saw from many a ridge the plain extending north. That part of the plain lying between Urimi and the lake is, of course, drained by the Luwamberri, the Mwaru and the Duma rivers, and discharged into the Niyanza under the name of the Shimeeyu. But north-east of the Shimeeyu's mouth imagine the land heaved into a low, broad and lengthy ridge, forming another basin drained by the Ruana, and still another drained by the Mara, and again another by the Mori, etc. If we ask the natives what lies beyond the immediate lake lands we are assured briefly, *mbuiga tu* "only a plain."

From Majita north we sail along the coast of Ururi, a country remarkable for its wealth of cattle and fine pastoral lands. It is divided into several districts whose names you will find marked on the map.

THE EL DORADO OF IVORY SEEKERS.

Molunu and Shirati, low, flat and wooded districts of Ururi, separate this country from Ugeyeya, the land of so many fables and wonders, the El Dorado of ivory seekers and the source of wealth for slave hunters.

Our first view of it while we cross the Bay of Kavirondo is of a series of tall mountains, and of a mountainous projection, which latter from a distance we take to be a promontory, but which on a nearer view turns out to be an island bearing a tall mountain on its back. At the north-eastern extremity of this bay is Gori river, which rises north-east near Kavi,—no important stream, but one that grows during the rainy season to large breadth and depth. Far east beyond the Niyanza for twenty-five days march the country is one continuous plain, low hills rising here and there dotting the surface; a scrubby land, though well adapted for pasture and cattle, of which the natives have vast herds. About fifteen days' march east the people report a land wherein low hills spout smoke, and sometimes fire. This wonderful district is called Susa, and is situated in the Masai land.

All combine in saying that no stream runs north, but that all waters come into the Niyanza, for at least twenty days' march. Beyond this distance the natives report a small lake from which issues a stream flowing toward the Pangain.

GOSHI'S NOOK OF REFUGE.

Continuing on our way north we pass between the Island Ugingo and the gigantic mountains of Ugeyeya, at whose base the Lady Alice seems to crawl like a mite in a huge cheese, while we on board admire the stupendous height, and wonder at the deathly silence which prevails in this solitude, where the boisterous winds are hushed and the turbulent waves are as tranquil as a summer's dream. The natives, as they pass, regard this spot with superstition, as well they might, for the silent majesty of these dumb, tall mounts awe the very storms to peace. Let the tempests bluster as they may on the spacious main beyond this cape, in this nook, sheltered by tall Ugingo isle and lofty Goshi on the mainland, they inspire no fear. It is this refuge which Goshi promises the distressed canoe-men that causes them to sing praises of Goshi, and to cheer one another when wearied and benighted with the word that Goshi is near to protect them.

Sailing between and out from among the clustering islands, we leave Wategi behind, and sail towards two low isolated islands not far from the mainland, for a quiet night's rest, and under the overspreading branches of a mangrove tree we dream of unquiet waters and angry surfs and threatening rocks, to find ourselves next morning tied to an island which, from its peculiarity, I have named Bridge island, though its native name is Kihwa.

A NATURAL BRIDGE OF BASALT.

While seeking a road to ascend the island to take bearings, I discovered a natural bridge of basalt, about twenty feet in length by twelve in breadth, under which one might repose comfortably, and from one side see the waves lashed to fury and spend their strength on the stubborn rocks which form the foundation of the arch, while from the other he could see his boat secure under the lee of the island, resting on a serene and placid surface, and shaded by mangrove branches from the hot sun of the equator. Its neighborhood is remarkable only for a small cave, the haunt of fishermen.

From the summit of Bridge island the view eastward takes in all Masari as far as Nakidimo, and discovers only a flat and slightly wooded district, varied at intervals by isolated cones, and northward, at the distance of twenty miles or so, finds the land making a bold stretch eastward. Knowing, however, by past experience that the appearance of the land is deceptive, we hoist our sail and scud merrily before a freshening breeze, hugging the coast lest it should rob us of some rarity or wonder.

UNDER THE EQUATOR.

At noon I found myself under the equator, and four miles north I came to discolored water and a slight current flowing to the southwest. Seeing a small bay of sufficient breadth to make a good river, and no land at its eastern extremity, I made sure I had discovered a river which would rival the Shimeeyu; but within an hour land all round revealed the limit and extent of the Bay of Nakidimo. We anchored close to a village and began to court the attention of some wild looking fishermen, but the nude barbarians merely stared at us from under pent-houses of hair, and hastily stole away to tell their wives and relatives of how an apparition, in the shape of a boat with white wings to it, had suddenly come before them bearing strange men with red caps on their heads, except one — a red man, clad in white, whose face was as red as blood, who, jabbering something unintelligible, so frightened them that they ran away. This will become a pleasant tradition, one added to the many wonders now told in Ugeyeya, which, with the art of embellishment inherent in the tongue of the wondering, awe-struck savage, may become, in time, the most wonderful of all wonders.

PURSUED BY HIPPOPOTAMI.

Perceiving that our proffered courtesies were thus rudely rejected, we stole out of this snug bay, and passed round to another much larger and more important. At its extremity a river issued into the bay, which, by long and patient talk with the timid natives, we ascertained to be the Ugoweh. In this the hippos were as bold as the human savages were timid, and to a couple of the amphibious monsters we had to induce the Lady Alice to show a swifter pace in retreat than the savages of Nakidimo had shown to us. These hippopotami would afford rare sport in a boat specially built for killing them; then they might splinter her sides with their tusks, and bellow and kick to their utmost; but the Lady Alice, if I can help it, with her delicate skin of cedar and ribs of slender hickory, shall never come in close contact with the iron-hard ivory of the hippopotamus, for she would be splintered into matches and crushed like an egg before one could say "Jack Robinson," and then the hungry crocodiles would leisurely digest us. The explorer's task, to my mind, is a far nobler one than hunting hippos, and our gallant cedar boat has many a thousand miles to travel yet before she has performed her task.

WHAT THE LADY ALICE HAS YET TO DO.

The yet unknown expanse of the Victoria Niyanza, northward and westward, and south-westward, invites us to view its delights and wonders of nature. The stormy Lake Albert and the stormier Tanganyika, though yet distant, woo us to ride on their waves; and far Bangweolo, Moero and Kamolondo and the Lincoln lakes, promise as fair prospects and as rich rewards if we can only bide the buffets of the tempests, and the brunt of savage hostility and ignorance till then. Shall we forego the vantage of all this ripe harvest and acquisition of knowledge for an hour's fierce pleasure with the simple but full-muscled hippopotamus? Not by my election or consent. Let the admirers of the Field, Bell's Life and the Spirit of the Times call it faintheartedness, or even a harsher name, if they will. I call it prudence. But I have an adventure with a hippo — a cowardly, dull-witted, fat-brained hippo (I can abuse him savagely in your columns, for his brothers in Europe, thank fortune, do not read the Telegraph or the Herald, without fear of a civil or criminal suit for libel), to tell some day, when I have no higher things to write of, which will warm all your bloods; and I have had another with a lion, or I should say a herd of lions, just as exciting. But these must remain until I camp under the palms of Ujiji again, with half my work done, and my other half still undone. Let us pass on, however, to our subject, and the place where I left off — namely, coward-like, running away from a pair of bull hippos. I am not sure they were bulls either, though they were hippopotami, sure enough.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

We flew away with a bellying sail along the coast of Maheta, where we saw such a dense population and clusters of large villages as we had not seen elsewhere. We thought we would make one more effort to learn of the natives the names of some of these villages, and for that purpose steered for a cove on the western shore of Maheta. We anchored within fifty yards of the shore, and so lengthened our cable that but a few feet of deep water separated us from the shore. Some half a dozen men wearing small land shells above their elbows and a circle round their heads, came to the beach. With these we opened a friendly conversation, during which they disclosed the name of the country as Maheta in Ugeyeya; more they would not communicate until we should land. We prepared to do this, but the numbers on the shore increased so fast that we were compelled to pull off again until they should moderate their excitement and talk. They seemed to think that we were about to pull off altogether, for suddenly appeared out of the bush on each side of the spot we had intended to land such a host of spears that we hoisted our sail and left them to whet their treachery on some other boat or canoe more imprudent than ours. The discomfited people were seen to consult together on a small ridge behind the bush lining the lake, and thinking, no doubt, we were about to pass close to a small point at the north end of the cone, they shouted gleefully at the prospect of a prize; but, lowering the sail, we pulled to windward, far out of the reach of bow or sling, and at dusk made for a small island, to which we tied our boat, and where we camped in security.

COASTING ALONG NDURU AND WANGANO.

Next day we continued on our course, and coasted along Nduru and Wangano, and sailed into the bay which forms the north-eastern extremity of Lake Victoria Niyanza. Manyara, on the eastern side of the bay, is a land of bold hills and ridges, while the very north-eastern end, through which issues the Yagama river into the Niyanza, is flat. The opposite coast to Manyara is that of Muwanda and the promontory of Chaga, while the great slug-like island of Usuguru, standing from west to east across the mouth, shuts the bay almost entirely in.

At Muwanda we again trusted our fortunes with the natives, and were this time not deceived, so that we were enabled to lay in quite a stock of vegetables and provisions at a cheap rate. They gave us all the information we desired. Baringo, they said, is the name applied by the people of Ugana to Nduru, a district of Ugeyeya, and the bay on which our boat rode was the extreme end of the lake, nor did they know or had heard of any lake, large or small, other than the Niyanza.

I described the coast from Muwanda to Uganda, and my visit to Mtesa, with my happy encounter with Colonel Linant de Bellefonds, of Gordon's staff, at some length, so I need not go over the same ground.

FROM USUKUMA TO THE KATONGA RIVER.

The day after my last letter was written I made arrangements with the king of Uganda, by which he agreed to lend me thirty canoes and some 500 men, to convey the expedition from Usukuma to the Katonga river. With this promise, and ten large canoes as an earnest of it, I started from Murchison bay on April seventeenth. We kept company as far as the Katonga river, but here the chief captain of the Waganda said that he should have to cross over to Sesse, distant twelve miles from the mainland, and the largest island in the Lake Niyanza, to procure the remaining twenty canoes promised by Mtesa. The chief gave me two canoes to accompany me, promising that I should be overtaken by the entire fleet before many days. I was impatient to continue my survey of the lake and to reach Usukuma, having been so long absent from the expedition, during which time many things, contrary to my success and peace of mind, might have occurred.

SPEKE'S LATITUDES CORRECTED.

I took my observations twice a day with a sea horizon — one at noon for latitude, and one in the afternoon for longitude — and I am sorry to say that, if I am right, Speke is about fourteen miles wrong in his latitude along the whole coast of Uganda. The mouth of the Katonga river, for instance, according to his map, is a little south of the equator. I have made it by meridian altitude, observed April twentieth, to be in latitude 0° 16′ 0″ north. Thus it is nearly with all his latitudes. His longitudes and mine vary but little; but this is easily accounted for. The longitude of any position can be taken with a chronometer, sextant, and artificial horizon with the same accuracy on land as on sea. If there is any difference it is very likely to exist in the error of the chronometers. What instruments Speke possessed to obtain his latitudes I know not, but if he found the altitude of the sun ascending above 65° he could never obtain it with an ordinary sextant except by double altitude, and that method is not so exact as taking a simple meridian on a quiet lake, with an ample horizon of water. But there are various methods of determining one's latitude, and Speke was familiar with many. My positions all round the lake have been determined with a sea horizon. When near noon my plan was, if the lake was rough, to seek the nearest island or a quiet cape at the extremity of a bay, and there take my observations as deliberately as though my life depended on their accuracy.

THE MAP.

But this task was, indeed, a work of pleasure for me, and I have found a rich reward for most of my pains and stormy life on this lake in looking at the fair extent of white on my map, with all its bends, curves, inlets, creeks, bays, capes, debouchures of rivers, etc., known by the name of Victoria Niyanza. Any errors which may have crept into my calculations will be determined by competent authorities on my return from Africa, or on the arrival of my papers in Europe. Meantime I send my map as I have made it.

The Katonga is not a large river, and has but one mouth. The Amionzi river empties itself into the Niyanza about eight miles west-south-west of the Katonga.

Uganga stretches to the Kagerah, situated in south latitude 0° 30′. On the south side of the river begins Usongora, extending to south latitude 1°. South of 1° is Kamiru, extending to south latitude 1° 15′.

Thence is Uwya, a country similar in enterprise to Ukerewe's people. Beyond Uwya is Uzinja or Uzinza, called Mweri by the Wanyamwezi.

RETURN TO KAGEHYI.

Uzinja continues as far south as Jordan's Nullah, and east of it is Usukuma again, and one day's sail from Jordan's Nullah, passing Muanza, which Speke reached in 1858, brings us home to Kagehyi and to our camp, where we are greeted joyfully by such as live to mourn the poor fellows who, in my absence, have been hurried by disease to untimely graves.

I must be brief in what I have to say now. I did think to make this a long letter, but Simgoro's slave, who carries this, is in a hurry to go, as his caravan has already started.

THE NEXT LETTER.

My next letter must continue this from the Kagera river, called in Karagwe the Kitangule, and it shall describe some foul adventures that we went through, which caused us to appear in a wretched condition to our expedition. Though our condition was so wretched, it was not half so bad as it would have been had we returned two days later, for I doubt much whether I should have had an expedition at all. I had been absent too long, and our fight with the Wavuma had been magnified and enlarged by native rumor to such a pitch that Wolseley's victory at Ardahsu was as nothing to ours, for it had been said that we had destroyed a whole fleet of canoes, not one of which had escaped, and that some other tribes had collected a force, overtaken us, and destroyed us in like manner — an incredible story, which had so won upon a faction of the soldiers that they had determined to return to Unyanyembe, and thence to Zanzibar. But God has been with us here, and on the lake, and, though we have suffered some misfortunes, He has protected us from greater ones.

We had been absent from camp fifty-eight days, during which we had surveyed, in our brave little boat, over 1,000 miles of lake shores; but a part of the south-west coast has yet to be explored. We shall not leave the Niyanza, however, until we have thoroughly done our work.

FREDERICK BARKER'S DEATH.

I returned to find also that one of the white men, Frederick Barker, of the Langham hotel, London, had died on the twenty-third of April, twelve days before I reappeared at Kagehyi. His disease was, as near as I can make out from Frank Pocock's description, a congestive chill — that is the term applied to it in the States. Pocock calls it "cold fits," a term every whit, I believe, as appropriate. I have known several die of these "cold fits," or anguish attacks — the preliminary symptoms of severe attacks of the intermittent fever. These anguish attacks, however, sometimes end the patient before the fever arrives, which generally follows the ague. The lips become blue, the face bears the appearance of one who is frozen, the blood becomes, as it were, congealed, the pulse stops, and death ensues. There are various methods of quickening the blood and reviving the patient. However, a common one is to plunge him into a vapor or hot water and mustard bath, and apply restoratives — brandy, hot tea, etc.; but Pocock was not experienced in this case, though he gave Barker some brandy after he lay down from feeling a slight nausea and chill. It appears, by his companion's report, that he did not live an hour. Frederick Barker suffered from one of these severe anguish attacks in Urimi, but brandy and hot tea quickly given to him soon brought him to that state which promises recovery, and is followed by rapid convalescence.

THE PROSPECT AHEAD.

Thus two out of four white men are dead. I wonder who next? Death cries, Who next? and perhaps our several friends ask, Who next? No matter who it is. We could not better ourselves by attempting to fly from the fatal land; for between us and the sea are 700 miles of as sickly a country as any in Africa. The prospect is fairer in front, though there are some 3,000 miles more to march. We have new and wonderful lands before us, whose wonders and mysteries shall be a medicine which shall make us laugh at fever and death.

HENRY M. STANLEY.